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February 13, 1979

GUIDE TO MEXICAN SPORTS VACATIONS

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Irving Kristol



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## A black and white photograph of a family in a supermarket. A man, woman, and a baby in a stroller are looking at produce. A large sign in the foreground reads "NEW YORK LIFE".

New York Life. For all of your life.

February 13, 1979

ESQUIRE  
FORTY-NIGHTLY

by Jean Valletty  
This ABC producer made television history by breaking the rules. Now he's making the same mistake again.

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You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

# ESQUIRE

AMERICA'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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For a man who's always been a Scotchman, James Watson's Scotch Whisky is the perfect choice.

The "James Watson" Scotch Whisky is the perfect choice for a man who's always been a Scotchman. It's the perfect choice for a man who's always been a Scotchman.

## Backstage with Esquire

# Psychohistory Couched



Edwin Diamond

Just past 40 as part of a major study of Italy's older leaders, undertaken with Dr. Martin, professor of history at MIT, where Diamond is also a senior lecturer in the department of political science. Their study, to be published later this year by Simon and Schuster, is called *Against the Asymptotic Hypothesis*.

"This phrase conveys history as it would be to be a subject," says Diamond.

"But many people, when they hear the word 'psychohistory,' think it means that some theoretician has looked at the individual as a being-finding habits from the childhood of a world leader and tried to deduce his policies or even, control or unemployment from that. That's absolutely not what we do."

Instead, he says, "We used as a model a model of behavior analysis and a model of behavior theory and reporting." Diamond's hope is for nothing less than a new kind of analysis—"The explanation of why to take its place alongside the prediction of what and the prediction of how." As he explains it, "We tried to use the skills of each of our disciplines, psychology and history, and to reform the whole with the roughs of certain principles of behavior. Freud, yes, but also Erik Erikson and the ego psychologists. But you won't find the word 'psychohistory' or even ego in our book."

The two authors first met at MIT in 1974, when Diamond was doing an article on the chaos of psychohistory. He thought some members of the Washington press corps were practicing psychohistory without a license in their coverage of Bush and Nixon during the last days of Watergate, and Martin agreed.

For their January 1980 book, they interviewed all the Carter—nukes, aides, brother suits, union cronies, as well as friends, ex-whorehouses, associates, and enemies in Plains, Arizona and Washington. Diamond also attended an inner-looking workshop conducted by none other—the "Willy Ralder" professor—as Billy Carter calls her. "Some people claim the Carters are boring," Diamond says. "Complex, difficult, but not dull. A novel could be written about Bush that would be more fascinating than *Elmer Gantry*—maybe someone should do it."

## Letters

# The Sound and the Fury

## A Master on the Rise

I finished reading *John Hersey's* "Legends of the Fall" (September 2) on Christmas day and was at once late for Christmas dinner—which should give you some idea of how much I enjoyed it. It is a shining piece of writing and the best work of fiction I've seen in an American magazine in many years. It gives a long way toward reaching my faith in the durability of short novels and short stories. Furthermore, I'm happy to see that there is another writer around who appreciates a good shaggy bear-tail job. I'm very pleased for Mr. Hersey.

I thoroughly enjoyed "Legends of the Fall." It seems to me you have succeeded in giving greater exposure to a good deal of a new Canada, a sort of mixture of London, Hemingway, Kipling, and maybe a whiff of Raymond Chandler. Could I add Miss Brink, Gray, and the author of *The Old Man and the Sea*?

Or maybe say some of the above at all. We all, of course, are influenced by the writers we admire, but I'm sure to have developed a unique style—that that stands very well, but I hope he will write his way toward the story genre.

The first is the most interesting because he had just read quite a bit of your magazine why the positive is preferable in construction like the one he mentions. He speaks of the *Flamingo's* end taking place in Boston, where he had just read your magazine and was again to the local. When the review is spoken of, we assume, was the "trial" taking place in Boston.

Furthermore, the writer is a graphic and a graphic. Let us see it in *Gravel*. It is a magazine, not a magazine, that has been named in a "Tennessee" for a century and a half, just "Tennessee." The *Gravel* piece of new is itself only a little more than two centuries old.

Edith Somerville  
Springfield, Mo

William Cronin  
New York, N.Y.

Thanks for the excellent novel published in Esquire. I can't tell you how much I was impressed by it. The characters were wonderful. I have always read novels and short stories, and your tales right up there at the top. Thomas Mann never of more said at last an American has really scored. Truly the best story I've read in many years.

John Simon's coverage of the "legends of the Fall" (January 2) in *The New York Times* of Books points up the

Letters in the column should be mailed to *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, 450 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17022.

# The Inevitability of Teddy

Kennedy, whatever his ideology, seems to be the only politician capable of tapping America's traditional optimism

Henry Kissinger and I had lunch one day early in January in Lathropville, California, across the street from his small furniture store on Broadway in Manhattan. He said that, you thought had changed a great deal since he started the business more than three years ago. One of the things he said was that today, fully 10 percent of the people who come into Kissinger's felt moved to thank him: they have no intention of paying for what they get. We talked about politics and affluence, war and race, right and wrong, horns, lawyers—the things that make you think the sky, or at least the part right over us, is falling.

When we were saying good-bye at Fourth and Broadway, I asked him how much worse he thought things were than when he started out in Brooklyn "World?" he said. "They're much better. This country is a much better place to live in than it was then. For one thing, there's more justice, less discrimination; more people have a chance today."

I thought of that conversation on the street a couple of times during the next week, when Patrick Bucher, the President's pollster, told me that his newest numbers indicated an unprecedented public pessimism: a conviction that growth in national confidence about the future of country and self and again when California governor Jerry Brown, whose 1976 presidential campaign was managed by Henry Kissinger's son, Michael, took office for a second term, demanding a constitutional convention and offering the opinion that "what we improve the way we learn, the way we heal and the way we govern, it is inevitable that our standard and quality of life will decline."

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



The sky was falling that day in Sacramento, and Brown was accidentally taking it to mean that he was available to hold a up of his countrymen would mean their standards and elect him President in 1980. Brown's pessimism may reflect the mood of millions of his fellow Americans, although those millions may not necessarily accept his solution to their problem himself.

Pessimism or optimism, a kind of choice could be what the 1980 presidential election will be about. Regardless of it, as every red-blooded American political writer clearly knows, Brown's naked optimism drew Edward Kennedy into the Democratic contest against President Carter. In the complex series, Americans aren't quite ready to roll over and play dead yet, and

Kennedy, whatever his ideology and views on this cutting, seems at the moment to be the only politician on the scene capable of tapping America's most traditional trait: optimism. He is, among other things, the believer in the rhetoric of doing better, although today even John F. Kennedy might be reduced to saying "We can do something."

I was traveling through the mid-South—and met Henry Kissinger—to talk about things other than the 1980 election. But the subject kept coming up. The usual way was for someone at a table to say casually that Jimmy Carter wasn't going to be a two-term President and that Teddy Kennedy was unbeatable—followed by a nodding of heads. Since the current focus of political life didn't seem to justify these little remarks—a nodding seemed particularly odd at Carter or enmeshed with Kennedy's politics—there must have been something changing on "What it was I think, was that the people I was infusing with thought Kennedy would bring the country alive by inspiring faith and confidence in other people. The most obvious example was Michael Douglas, like a black Nashville cry conglomeration who said he thought Carter was okay, "but if there's a black man or woman around here who wouldn't vote for Kennedy over Carter, I haven't met them."

The notion of Carter's name tended to cart a pall over the conversations I had in Kentucky and Tennessee. Nothing personal, you understood—just things like Berry Beahm Jr., the former publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, saying he wondered whether the United States would ever have a two-term President again. Or professional politicians around the table at Marvin's Nashville agreeing that Kennedy would have no trouble beating Carter in Tennessee.

Illustration by David Lindsay



Calvin Klein Jeans

has always been known:  $\square$   $\rightarrow$   $\square$



# The Battling McGraw

McGraw-Hill chief has a four-letter word for American Express

**D**istrusted and beleaguered, a tense 65-year-old W. McGraw Jr. paced nervously back and forth in his spacious forty-two-foot executive office in the McGraw-Hill building overlooking the Avenue of the Americas. Outside the plate glass window a man in a suit and tie was talking. The words, the sixty-one-year-old boss of the McGraw-Hill publishing empire was handing the caller. Occasionally stopping to sip a cigarette from a half-filled pipe, he was a nearly noble, he would light it quickly, take a few puffs then call it out as an ordinary lunch with him before lighting another. McGraw was making it clear to me that he had with me on the company—maybe even start a new publishing firm—of American Express gets its hands on McGraw Hill. "Do you think I'd be here for five minutes if that happens?" he belted during a thirty-minute interview. "How could I work for those people?"

One could sense the fierce and swelling passion the man was under. "I'm fighting for this company's life," he told me a few minutes later, both in front of me.

That he surely is. American Express, itself is American for short, armed with centuries of cash and resources to offset a doubling since of the credit card market, is making a bid \$50 million and—by means of a decidedly nonfriendly bid—the sprawling McGraw-Hill complex, which includes the likes of Business Week and many other magazines, newsletters, and information services. And the credit card industry clearly has a shot at a number of copies. For one thing, American's offer of \$24 a share was some 50 higher than the going price at the time. On top of that, McGraw-Hill's shares four years ago were selling at just \$6. According to American's \$24 bid to board in return a good many people asked. To make matters worse for Harold McGraw, the estimated 25 percent of the company's stock held by the McGraw family is anything but a unified block. There are widespread reports of divisions within the family and Harold himself holds only about 14 percent of the shares. Harshly a remaining provision for a new fighting to hold control of a company.

I asked McGraw what the reported

Don Dorfman reports on the business and financial world in each state



McGraw: "I should have punched them..."

family division. "Doggone it, that's not me," he replied, clearly annoyed that the question was even raised. "There's no basic division. I think when the chips are down the family will be there." But, also, he admits that he has an assumption of this "put a gun in the..." And when talks about with American Express that two of his sons, John and Donald, the owners of roughly 3 percent of the shares, could well cast their lot with Harold's enemies.

Though Harold McGraw may claim that there are no basic divisions among the fragmented McGraw family, the same can't be said about his relationships with American's two top officers, chairman Farris Robinson III and president Roger Morley. He despises them. McGraw regards Robinson as a hot and headstrong Morley as despicable. His hiring maneuver of Robinson's interview is based on a firm promise that he says the American chief failed to live up to—namely, that Robinson would no longer seek control of McGraw-Hill after the company rejected an American offer (made via telephone) last spring. And he says at Morley's side from the fact that the American president kept his seat in the McGraw board during the very time the credit card company was

planning its bid. Newly feeling as he spoke of Morley, McGraw declared, "What he did was outrageous and a lot of other things like illegal and a violation of everything I believe in. How can anyone with no integrity do that?"

McGraw has strong supporters in the view, including one top attorney with friends at American Express. Quipped this lawyer, "Morley is not one of those who would never worry about a job if he loves American Express. There are always stage sets pointing looking for an actor to play Judd."

Judging from my conversations with Harold McGraw plus the tone of his company's ardent lawyer's advertisements, a classic strategy seems to be emerging on the part of the publishing giant to ward off the intruders. Harold McGraw will continue to raise questions about the ethical independence and integrity of McGraw's publications if they were under the American banner. He will also try to put as much heat as he can on American's director to get them to scrap the bid. And of course he will select all the help he can from all sources to oppose and embarrass Robinson in Washington.

But just wrapping American decides to swallow the offer, say in the \$40 stage? "What then?" I asked McGraw. "What about your old-fashioned no-union stockholders?" At last, I thought I was going to be able to say I raised the disturbing question McGraw is a struggling aviator who weighs in at about 165 pounds. After responding that he won't show in the rights of any stockholders, he smiled a bit, smoothed a side of the cushions on his couch, and howled. "What they're doing is unethical and illegal. And how is the Mac Hinton can you get a price on something that's unethical and illegal?"

"Unethical and illegal?" I asked. "It's unethical the way the offer came about [a reference to Morley's being on the board]." McGraw responded. "And what's illegal is in the interview only. Just ask our lawyers."

However, any financial source close to American's top management challenges this diagnosis, declaring, "Our lawyers tell us our position is perfectly legal."

Though a low-profile Robinson refuses to take any side in the current time to him suggests that Harold McGraw himself has been, in his public statements, pretty hypoc-

emotional about the union affair. His reaction, McGraw's glowing endorsement of the fact—which has yet to be made public—that he personally favored the American acquisition proposals, both last spring and recently in a favorable way.

For example, I'm told that when Rubin was usually approaching McGraw in the spring on the prospects of an American acquisition of McGraw-Hill, Harold gave strong encouragement to go forward with it. And at the time, the story goes, he spoke glowingly of America's people and its opportunities. Furthermore, I'm told, McGraw's parting comment—savored by Robinson as encouraging words for the future—was that America would be the first country McGraw-Hill would turn to in the event of an unforeseen takeover by a hostile third party. "If anyone ever comes after me, you'll be our first white knight," McGraw was reported to have said then.

Three more significant, say some, tales, when Robinson and Morley made the merger proposal personally to Harold McGraw the evening of January 8, at no time during that meeting (about twenty minutes long) did McGraw report it. And at the very same meeting, says one source, Harold was again full of praise for America—telling the two men that, among the visiting American executives that a favorable response from McGraw-Hill was possible.

Another intriguing tidbit, according to my source, though Morley himself told McGraw an indirect letter of rejection at that meeting at no time during the conversation—despite the outrage McGraw expressed later—did McGraw ask Morley to leave the building.

The source adds, as especially critical point—namely, why did McGraw say no to the merger proposal immediately if he was so adamantly opposed to them? So back I went to see McGraw. He was early but as nervous as when I had first met him. In a matter of about 15 minutes, he went through several arguments, again going back and forth frequently as he responded to the charges of hypocrisy.

Commenting on his phone conversations with Robinson last spring, McGraw said, "I never told him he'd be our first white knight. But I did say someday you can go on the white knight line. It was the wrong thing to say, but I thought that was the end of it. He heard me. It was the last claim I've ever made on him. And the only reason I ever agreed to think it over was because he said that on day one, and I was being cautious."

As for that January 8 meeting, McGraw told me the only reason he didn't reject the second proposal was that he didn't want Morley's letter of resignation from the McGraw-Hill board because I was so shocked. "That, in an almost pleading tone," he added, "so help me God, there was no argument on my part that we ever wanted a deal. That's the reason I'm glad to hear that I would save them." McGraw



McGraw. How good are the rumors?

acknowledged, though, that he did end the meeting by shaking hands with the two men and remarking that he would take up the matter (the acquisition effort) with his mother-in-law. Here again, McGraw

## Late Ticker . . .

A potential boost for the weak market? Citicorp, which had been borrowing rising interest rates throughout all of 1979 and the first quarter of 1980—directly but also for reasons—has changed its mind. An internal Citicorp memorandum discloses that the bank, an influential trend setter in interest rates, now expects such rates to peak in the second quarter of 1979—specifically at 12.5 percent in the prime rate (the bank's lending rate to its best customers), 10 percent in 90-day Treasury bills and 8 percent in 30-day commercial paper. And by year-end, 7%, Citicorp sees the prime at 11.25 percent, 7 1/2%, 9 percent and commercial paper, 10 percent. Interestingly, the bank is projecting its "best rate" on an annual basis, not on a calendar basis, at between 11 and 12.5 percent for the first three quarters of '79. Since its prime rate forecasts in the same period ran between 12 and 12.5 percent, this means Citicorp could be off, in line money on some of its loans.

Speaking of Citicorp, our insider tells me that Citicorp director Arthur Cohen, the wheelchair-bound real estate developer, has become a source of antagonism to the bank because of the well-publicized financial loss of his company. Cohen is the chairman of Arlon Realty and Development Corp., one of the country's largest real estate companies and the parent of Kenwood Inc. Arlon's, the subject of rapidly growing bankruptcy rumors (which have affected its stock), had in late 1978 \$1.1 billion in liabilities and is presently trying to work out a loan of roughly \$25 million with its major banks. At press time, there was talk in Citicorp—that has been the biggest item mentioned to Arlon's—that some lower-level officials were quietly granting the financing. Washington

thought he handled it the wrong way. "Maybe I should have reached them in the news," he said. "But I treated them with cold disdain and they should have known."

McGraw says he asked Morley to shut himself out. How a hell could you have no access to our board? And he recalls Morley or Robinson replying that he "couldn't have resigned because that would have tipped our hand."

Speculation is running high on Wall Street as to what McGraw will try to do in an American takeover of the publishing company looks imminent. In brief: Will McGraw-Hill look for a white knight to save it from America's clutches?

One leading publishing analyst, Ken Noble of Forrester, McNeil, French & Co., regards such a possibility—in some sources close to Harold McGraw—as a very likely chance. Some of the candidates Noble regards as potential acquirers of the publishing company, ABC, RCA, MCA, Warner Communications, Capitol, Dele-

mon, tell me that Frederick Schultz, a close friend of Charlie Kibbe, Rubin's personal treasurer, has emerged as the front-runner for the recent post of vice chairman of the Federal Reserve, the Fed's second highest job. Schultz is presently chairman of the Bureau of Economic Services of Jacksonville, Florida, a subsidiary of the Barnett Banks of Florida.

Conspicuously Mike Kibbe has quietly taken a stock position (under 5 percent) in Fluorine, the leading materials company in the chemical industry. Fluorine is a 200-million-dollar company in the state of Florida, which is about 20 percent owned by General Ltd., a \$1 billion Canadian construction and chemical company. Secret speculation has it that Kibbe could be a white knight for Fluorine. At the moment, The Wall Street Journal is "heavily on edge" about Fluorine's position in a talk about Fluorine not so, though, about Kibbe, which he says continues to go on behind the scenes. Accordingly, he figures Kibbe should meet some terms, such as ownership of about 5% share or "70 on sales of about \$2.25 billion." The "70" numbers should run about \$5.50 a share in earnings on revenues of over \$1.9 billion.

Look for American Banking Corporation, a \$118-million special company, to be a profit money-maker, to go on of the other liquid business and diversify into other fields. Acquisition-hungry San Clement, which owns over 5 percent of Chromalloy America, a diversified metals and aerospace company, is said to be now weighing a bid for Chromalloy.

One potential Washington strategy with sold Administration contacts has a \$5,000 bet going—every week, would you believe—that Treasury boss Mike Blum would still step aside before the end of March.

Sperry Rand, and Texas Instruments. Notice by the way, though, that Amstar will be unsuccessful in its pursuit of McGraw-Hill (I think the same way and let a back on that talk on Amstar source).

In response to the white knight talk, McGraw judged "I'm not trying to encourage any voices in any way, and I'm not advocating them. But there always is the possibility. Anything as long as you're alive, is a possibility." McGraw continued to say that ABC chief Leonard Goldenson had called him up and asked him back, saying "We'd like to help if we could." At the moment, though, McGraw said, "I'm not going to worry or think about anyone else who's winning."

Or perhaps being asked back is not out of journalistic order—but especially unclear—is whether McGraw's editorial independence would be hampered on the American Express management? Robinson has several friends. McGraw there wouldn't be any interference, that the editorial integrity of the McGraw publication would be maintained. But then Robinson also gave McGraw his word that he wouldn't pursue an acquisition of the publisher against his wishes, judging from that action alone. Robinson's promises are clearly suspect.

Low Young, editor in chief of *Business Week*, the biggest money maker in the McGraw-Hill complex, recently sent a well-publicized telegram from Europe to Harold McGraw that raised questions about the potential American takeover. One source close to Amstar suggests that the letter was a "pushy job" done at the request of McGraw's management—but the company insists it's not so. Young himself was in Europe as we went to press, but *Business Week*'s second in command, editor John Collins made it clear that the letter's deep concern among staffers about the Amstar bid. In fact, he thought an exodus of *Business Week* staffers was a distinct possibility if the Amstar bid were successful.

The editorial people wouldn't pick up their bags and head back for the "dust," said Collins. "But I'm expressing a pretty broad opinion when I tell you that over a period of time they would want to work for a publisher, not a financial company. And that includes Low Young."

In the rest of the book, anyone especially an emotional man like Harold McGraw might say just things he would later regret. And clearly his use of editorial independence would, such as "disruptive and disruptive" in describing the top officials of Amstar bids was that company. It made me wonder if someone could get McGraw and Robinson (along with Low Young) to make the peace page.

McGraw would have some of a. He mostly offered only one last word for money, Robinson and Morley.

The greatest wrong—it was "Nad" is

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# In Your Best Interests

If you have some cash, Treasury bills are a terrific bet right now

Interest rates are higher than at any time since Abraham Lincoln sat in the White House, which is bad news for borrowers but good news if you have loose cash lying around. You can get about 10 percent annually on your money by locking it up, and what better place to lock it than to the guys who print the cash in the first place—the U.S. Treasury?

Treasury bills, or T-bills, as they are commonly known, receive a lot of attention in the press, but the mechanics of buying them are seldom explained. I asked around at the Federal Reserve Bank and elsewhere and came up with the following:

What they sell. Even Uncle needs cash on a short-term basis. When written for three-, six-, and twelve-month periods are called bills. Current yields on these bills now hover around 10 percent; they vary somewhat with each offering. The three- and six-month bills are auctioned each Monday, the one-year notes are sold every four weeks or so. Very large investors who bid for the bills actually determine the rates. As a small buyer, you would normally submit a noncompetitive bid. This means that you're willing to take whatever the average rate is.

Minimum amount needed. For T-bills, you need to put up \$10,000 at once. Additional increments are in \$5,000 situations.

Where to buy. The simplest way of buying a T-bill is to ask your bank or brokerage firm to do it for you. But there is a price to pay for paper work. It generally runs about \$15 for a \$10,000 bill. This cost is not much at first blush, but if you roll the bills over a few times, it can add up quickly. A growing number of investors are buying bills directly.

First off, find out where your local Federal Reserve Bank or branch is located. (There are thirty-seven around the country.) While each office operates a bit differently, all will be able to send you literature describing how to purchase the bills and forms that you can use to accompany a trader. (The forms are a good idea, especially for the neophyte, since you are likely to omit some information if you merely send in a letter.)

William Flanagan writes a regular column on financial matters.



You have until 1:00 p.m. the day of any auction to submit your order as person. Tenders sent in by mail must be postmarked by midnight previous to the appointed day. The sender must include a certified or an official bank check for the face amount of the bills you want to buy in New York on the Thursday following the auction (Tuesday in the case of twelve-month bills); you will be sent a confirmation of your purchase and a discount check. This amounts to your earnings—the "interest." (Actually, bills are sold for less than the face amount. Your check was made out in the face amount, so you are out the discount check, which has an amount of interest.) On a recent six-month \$10,000 bill, for example, the actual selling price was \$9,522.60. So you would have received a check right away for \$477.40. This amounts to an annual interest rate of 9.44 percent, which has an annual yield of 10.05 percent. At the end of six months, you get a check for your original \$10,000.

Within a few weeks of post purchase, you will receive notice from the Department of the Treasury, certifying the account and enabling you to make a certain number of changes, if necessary. (Change of address, a request to reinvest the principal for another term automatically, a request for payment of proceeds at maturity instead of at maturity, etc.)

Apart from confusion about method, the reluctance on the part of individuals to invest in T-bills probably stems from two causes, according to Dick Hoenig, assis-

tant vice-president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Up until September 1977, buyers were issued, at point of purchase, actual bearer certificates—in good as cash—which anyone could redeem. Nowadays, you get a book-entry receipt, not an engraved certificate. This protects you against loss, theft, or counterfeiting. Also since it is now quite easy to submit your order by mail, the long lines in front of the Federal Reserve are the less common.

What about bank certificates purchased after T-bills? Commercial banks can now offer six-month certificates to depositors that pay exactly the same rate as the newly-issued T-bills. And savings banks can issue six-month certificates that pay 1/8 percent more than what Uncle Sam pays. But there is one important catch: Income from T-bills is not subject to city and state taxes. Income from bank certificates are. So, if you are in a high-income bracket, the tax savings from buying a T-bill could outweigh the extra 1/8 percent that the savings banks pay.

Another important difference: You can buy T-bills only in \$5,000 increments above the basic minimum of \$10,000. Banks allow you to deposit any amount above the minimum of \$10,000.

How long will interest rates remain this high? Twelve-month T-bills are now selling at yields of 10.5 percent. So you are guaranteed that high a return for at least a year. Note: To get current quotes on all Treasury bills, call your local Federal Reserve Bank or branch. In New York, the number is (212) 791-5431.



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## NEOCONSERVATISM

AN IDEA WHOSE TIME IS NOW

A resurgent and intelligent conservatism is advancing in this country with a speed and a thoroughness that have left liberals stunned and disarmed. For the first time in a generation, conservative academics and journalists are setting the agenda for political and economic life.

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*The ruling class of each age has ever been the class of its ruling class.* —Marx

# The Reasonable Right

A literary clique from the canyons of Manhattan is reshaping political power and influence in America. Liberalism may never recover

by Peter Steinfels



For decades, American liberals have lamented the absence of a serious American conservatism. If only we had one worthy adversary, they complained, and not the rising of right-wing hysteria, superannuated Roosevelt letters, Southern nostalgia, red-bait rumors, pornography, professional witch hunts, and chest-thumping weapon mongers. Why can't there be a conservative movement of serious Harvard graduates and quick-witted public men? Where are the kind of conservative thinkers who, like William F. Buckley Jr., can write sentences with scholarly finesse but not waste their genius defending last market fantasies of the neoconservative cult?

Now that would be something like to consider. That would be something which we could really get our minds and powers. That would be something—well, something like it.

As it happens, such a conservative movement has arrived. Not just arrived, but arrived—taking center stage in American politics with a speed and a thoroughness that have left liberals stunned and disoriented.

Like no other group in America today, these new conservative intellectuals are writing the agenda for our national political life, laying down the ground rules for public discourse. They dine with the President, advise his advisors, sit at the Senate, plot strategy for the presidential campaign, make the media, philosophize for big business, and rally the forgotten civil warriors of the labor movement. The new conservatives are solidly entrenched at the elite universities—the established church of our day—and they are rapidly constructing an independent intellectual base of influence over law-schools, journals, and research centers from which to launch their missionary activities.

In fact, this party of intellectuals may succeed at the ideological equivalent of squaring the circle, providing a serious conservative apologetics for the Breznev Empire of Change that we have created in America's corporate and ideological capitulations.

How liberals welcomed the arrival of these new strategists and their counterrevolution of the American political establishment? Hardly. Liberals have spent more time in name-calling—conservatives, worse intellectuals, saw disks, right-wing professors—than in serious analysis. One of the most merited names has stuck, the neoconservatives. Beyond this chastising, however, the new intellectual elite has received barely a handful of thoughtful evaluations.

Who are these people? Why has it taken so long to recognize their importance? And what is neoconservatism?

First, neoconservatism is a child of the Sixties—the Older Child, the one that didn't turn on, tune in, and drop out, that didn't join the counterforce in California, march on Washington, or

Four benefits: a concise review of Conservative intellectual of The Neoconservative. The Man Who Are Changing America's Politics, a book forthcoming from Simon and Schuster

lose Hubert Humphrey in Chicago. Neoconservatism sets itself against the Sixties, against social turbulence, political conflict, and cultural skepticism. From its beginnings, neoconservatism has been firmly pitched to political and cultural moderation, constrained to civility, parsimonious about the possibilities for long-range—or even short-range—change in America, and infused with a forbidding sense of our civilization's decline. Because neoconservatism dwells in the conventional range of the issue, its gathering strength was ignored. Yet in the end, neoconservatism may be the most enduring political legacy of the "radical Sixties" of the very Eden so many liberals claim as their own.

Second, neoconservatism is a political movement, primarily of intellectuals. "Refugees from the liberal left," *Newsweek* calls them. New Intellectuals under Kennedy, opponents along with adults, and some of them were former Marxists in their youth. People like Harvard professors Nathan Glazer, Daniel Bell, James Q. Wilson, Seymour Martin Lipset. Or Manhattan writers and editors Irving Kristol, Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, Diana Trilling, Hans Kohn. Or political scientists who come from between campus and Capitol: Kenneth F. Fuchs, Jr., Aaron Wildavsky, Zsoltan Baranowski, Isaac Kristol, Francis Fukuyama. Political operatives Ben J. Wattenberg, Peter Krauth, Edward Lutz. Political operatives Ben J. Wattenberg, Peter Krauth, Edward Lutz. And of course, himself, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, professor, assistant secretary, presidential counselor, ambassador, senator, and who knows what next?

Third, neoconservatism is a variety collection. The geography of intellectual life is a geography of magazines, large and little. Native territory for the neoconservative is *Commentary*, a weekly published by the American Jewish Committee, and *The Public Interest*, a quarterly that makes even the trifurcated details of public policy available. But neoconservatism ranges far afield. They have found a willing market for their lively, polemical essays in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Harper's*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Encounter*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Nation*, *Booker*, and a half dozen other widely circulated journals.

If the role of neoconservatism in our day means anything at all, it is in this ideas matter, even in America, where we often don't take intellectual life very seriously.

Theodore H. White in his recent memoir, *In Search of History*, confesses how he abandoned his traditional concern with ideas, having concluded "that money counted. Time was counted. That power counted." It took him half the age of Sisyphus to return to his adolescent belief "that after combat, that ideas were the beginning of all politics."

Even *The New York Times*, that benighted foot of American intellectual capitalism, frequently doesn't know what it does with the work of ideas. In the early Seventies, it became apparent that the New York "family" of intellectuals was undergoing a major

Right: Major neoconservative polemicists found the table from the left: Midge Decter, Norman Podhoretz, Seymour Martin Lipset, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Rising persons on the dinner party next for the sake of winning the book about the American system



when these individuals writing, in some cases eagerly, in other cases reluctantly, to premises raised doubts about American politics and culture were gathering around *The New York Review of Books*. Those who thought, on the contrary, that if anything was wrong with America it was not where it was but where it was going. *The New York Times Magazine* could develop and publish an article showing these errors in little more than a column slot between old friends Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, and Jason Epstein, founder of the *New Yorker* and now editorial director of Random House. For over half a decade, the emergence of neo-conservatism was greeted at best one more vendetta among Manhattan literati.

Intellectuals themselves, left or right, may be better off if they are not so sure that the public may be moving something essential. The way of the French Revolution was proposed, commented Alvin D. Toppelberg, not by political theorists but by poets or theorists.

Among all civilized peoples, the study of politics involves, at last, plus change in, general state, not those general ideas so formed, the problems in the realm of which political thought struggles, and also the fact which they involve their course. Political thought from a sort of intellectual discipline broadens to both precision and general in scope, and both knowledge draw from it the principles of that system.

It is just such an "intellectual smugness" being both self-referential and grandiose that the neoconservatives have set out to rupture—and they have been remarkably successful.

■ Daniel Bell wrote a book of modest circulation on the lack of consensus in capitalist societies, and syndicated columnist George F. Will, in the *Washington Post*, said by millions, approximately in those for his *Washington* readings.

■ Irving Kristol, writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, denoted the "New Class" of liberal intellectuals for its socialist attitudes toward a business civilization, and Mohr, one of the world's most powerful of companies, catapults the idea into a national advertising campaign.

■ The late Alexander Bell, Yale law school professor, wrote an article in a 1970 issue of *The New Republic* on the failure of school integration in the North, and a *White House* aide quickly mailed Bell's conclusions as a staff memo to then President Richard Nixon, advising him that "the ship of integration is going down, and we might not be able to steer it."

■ Neoconservative concern with the "intellectual smugness" is highly political, but it carries far beyond the narrow focus of this year's legislative session. Targets include:

■ Feminism and persons still called "Miss" (Midge Decter: *The Sex Chameleon* and *Women Against Women's Liberation and Liberal Feminism*, *Radical Children*).

■ Liberal attitudes toward crime prevention and prisons (James Q. Wilson: *Thinking About Crime*).

■ Lusts to grow (Herbert Marcuse: *The Sex 200 Foe*).

■ The "disproportionately left-of-center" politics of professors (Raymond Maron Lipset and Everett C. Olin: *Left: The Intellectual Ascendancy*).

■ The breakdown of authority in the culture (Donald Bell: *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*).

■ Neglect of education and affirmative action (Nathan Glazer: *Knowledge for the Deaf and Affirmative Discrimination*).

■ "Renaissance" democracy (Samuel P. Huntington: *The Crisis of Democracy*).

■ Unimaterialist liberalism, government regulation, and capitalist reformers (Irving Kristol: *The Chosen for Capitalism*).

These books—usually reviewed, widely discussed—make up a remarkable *hour* of business of America's problems.

The neoconservatives have gone public in a way we do not usually associate with cultural critics and social commentators. Their impact has been immediate and momentous. It would be naive to imagine that this success is totally unrelated to the fact that neoconservative doctrine is highly congenial to the dominant economic interests in American life. Neoconservatism places few demands upon any major institutions, it asks no grave sacrifices of those in power, and it shatters them of responsibility for the breakdown in public confidence. Neoconservative writers like to imagine themselves as academic reformers, riding persecution on the coattails of criticism for the sake of truth but defending capitalism in the most powerful capitalist nation in the world is not exactly like being an abolitionist in the slaveholding South.

It is not that neo-conservative institutions are not simply because they are convenient. It does follow, as a

practical matter, that those conclusions are appreciated by many who are capable of overlooking the ideological and financial support. Nelson Rockefeller's late and unacknowledged Commission on Critical Choices provided Irving Kristol and Paul B. Frier with \$100,000 to obtain an short study fifteen essays exploring "the ideas and values of human nature inherent in U.S. institutions." The Social Policy Studies Center funded a major collection of essays on the New Class, offering writers up to \$4,000 for thirty to forty pages of their thoughts. In both cases, most of the contributors were members of the neoconservative collective. One scholar succeeded in receiving \$15 to \$200 from liberal journals or \$300 to \$500 for column speaking engagements, remarked of this wealth. "It certainly classifies one's calendar and concentrates the mind."

Neoconservatism has not suffered for want of well-heeled patrons. Indeed, individuals like Kristol have actually sought the company of the country's most powerful corporate and political leaders. In Washington, they have found a perfect playground in the American Enterprise Institute (AEI), the leading right-wing most vital think tank in the nation's capital. With a budget of over \$6 million and an influx of some of the best talent money can buy, the AEI-man staff at AEI is currently developing opinion makers with tapes, journals, brochures, and books in which neoconservative political analysis class grade of places with more traditional free market economists.

Intellectualizing speaking, neoconservatives may have animated the boy's daughter, but it would be blind folly to attribute their

success to this alone. The most powerful neoconservative spokespersons—Kristol, Mohr, Bell, Podhoretz, Decter—are effective communicators, extremely knowledgeable and sharp-witted. Indeed, some of them cut their teeth in journalism—Daniel Bell at *Parade*, for example, or Nathan Glazer and Irving Kristol at *Commentary*—before moving into academia and government. Kristol is a master of the opportunity afforded by highly polished, conservative style. But Daniel Patrick Moynihan is the most natural writer ("Happened when he wrote," according to his wife, Elizabeth) and capable of disguising crudely even in Kristol's the most implausible or contradictory points in the clearest figure of his prose.

The broad public acceptance of neoconservative intellectualism is a best exemplified by the column given Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who is either the movement's spokesman or its chief spokesman on your part of town. Moynihan's a lot of these columns seem of being one's way up the ladder, strictly speaking, about every one of his major political intentions has been a failure. The Moynihan Report on black family life flew up on his face in 1965. He lost out on his fight for a massive public employment program as part of the War on Poverty. The French American Plan he developed for Nixon, substituting a guaranteed income for welfare, was dismantled by Congress. Nixon rarely ignored most of Moynihan's other proposals. But he didn't let the company slide, maintain economic expansion, make a clear commitment to black equality, they clear of the Vietnam War, and even drove America's ambassador to India, Moynihan, did what any American ambassador would do: he did not prevent the passage of the infamous Zairean open-market restriction nor family control in the U.S. State Department or other Western diplomats to his right of studied ambiguity. But the bottom line would dogged loss in power: he won as the public member. How? He had the good sense to be let out business, the first to eliminate his own failures, styling them in advertisements and often deftly negating the blame to other shoulders. And the world has always been anxious to how few his Moynihan on the subject of his own feelings or those of others. He has got his views into print as *Commentary* and *The Public Interest*, in books, but also in *Report*, *The American Scholar*, *The New Leader*, *The New Republic*, *New York Times*, *Psychology Today*, and even the supposed heartland of "redneck chic" *The New Yorker*, which in 1971 awarded Moynihan's book *The Politics of a Reasoned Man*.

Moynihan is only the first celebrity among the neoconservatives. He has (twice) on the cover of *Time*. He probably holds the record for favorable profile (five to date) in *The New York Times Magazine*. He installed himself in TV networks through his eloquent performance in the United Nations, and his eloquence but more notably through the *News* in New York. The public pronouncement of Moynihan, of course, finally focused national attention on neoconservatism, but even then the press was

taken more by the man's "fascinating" personality than by his ideas. In fact, the neoconservative Moynihan running in New York against the plutocratic incumbent was able to win points, almost as the proper heir to a New Deal liberal tradition that Moynihan had been vigorously criticizing for almost a decade.

Obviously there are advantages in locating, as Moynihan and most other neoconservatives do, on the outskirts between their present views and old-fashioned liberalism. It is they who have remained faithful to the Old Class while other liberals have gone elsewhere after the *Abolition* of this education and education's reality.

But that account goes much applicable with every step taken by the Neocons. Strains, and it reaches the point of its stability when Moynihan tries to recall his neo-conservative Richard Nixon as an episode of "Americanism, order," and true liberalism.

The ways have parted. When liberals have typically maintained that justice was the prerequisite for social stability, neoconservatives argue the reverse. For them, as for conservatives throughout history, social stability is the essential starting point. And it is precisely the threat to social order and disorder represented by the States that have set off their class of alarm. When the decade passed and sometime around 1972 or 1973 (decades are never quite perceived), our growing nations had lost their legitimacy, the confidence of leading states had been shaken, our national unity was

sapped. "All about us carried too and calm passed," wrote Moynihan.

The rise of a "crisis of authority" or "legitimacy crisis" is not unique to conservatives. But neoconservatives, unlike liberal diagnosticians of the same ill, refuse to emphasize the role of capitalist institutions in producing the crisis. If anything, they claim, our economic institutions have served us well and our political elites only a little less well. The crisis we confront is primarily cultural. Our connections have gone slack, our moral compass, our national compass.

What has defined the cultural crisis? Some neoconservatives deny the decline of religion; some, the loss of business and social, the march of equality. But there is one bugby that haunts all neoconservatives: the "advocacy culture."

"Advocacy culture" was Laurel Trilling's phrase for the literary legacy of belittling the "subversive intention" of modern literature, an opposition to bourgeois society, its affirmation of the self against social constraints, its contempt for convention as its own capitulation of experience, its estrangement from the "ordinary" as life—before the literary crisis, the crisis was that what began in twentieth-century modernism has now supposedly spread to an entire class, the New Class.

It isn't exactly clear what neoconservatives mean by New Class. Sometimes it is the people linked with the "knowledge industry": media, universities, television, mass communication, universities, professionals. Sometimes it extends to all the college educated or to all those educated in college. Sometimes it seems to

## Polemicalists like Bell are dazzling. They're the ideological lubricant for corporate capitalism.



Daniel Bell: *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*











# The Godfather Of Neoconservatism (And His Family)

Irving Kristol is brokering the most powerful new political force in America. He calls himself "a man of letters"

by Geoffrey Norman

**I**rving Kristol is an important man but not a celebrity. He does not travel extensively, has no telephone number, and keeps his private life from the headlines of *Business Week* and *People* magazine. David Patrick Meyerson, the junior senator from New York and an old colleague, is a far more visible figure. Kristol's power is not in his visibility; it is in his ability to guide ideas. His influence begins with ideas that percolate through small, scholarly journals, through foundations, and universities, ending finally in Washington, where conservative types translate them into action. Kristol is, in fact, the leading idea broker for "neoconservatism," a movement that is reflected more and more in the political and cultural mood of the country. Like the country, Kristol briefly moved right during the last ten years. But he's firmly anchored in today. As the definition of conservatism and deep-louse protest, Kristol's influence will be felt. At least one 1990 presidential candidate will be his friend, another his enemy.

Kristol calls himself "a man of letters." It is a typically old-fashioned term. In more current language, he is an intellectual entrepreneur specifically, a New York intellectual, in much so that he does not drive a car and is able to read books on great trains while watching the Knicks on television.

A man with such soft, almost balding features, it is difficult to imagine Kristol shouting or even raising his voice very much. He looks like a man of letters, someone emerging from his studies.

Most men with power come in a dumpy, by-the-numbers, middle-class can be handed great power suddenly, by virtue of being close to the right politician at the right time, and that course does not bring himself. The academic courtesies that John Kennedy brought from Harvard were reflected with a hubris that led straight to Vietnam. McGovern thought, for example, world war academic dean to bureaucratic old warrior in the time it took to fly from Boston to Washington. Kristol and his immediate neo-conservative cohorts were not invited at Harvard, though some of them may have ended up there. Rather, they grew up at City College of New York, an unfashionable poor boy's school, an unfashionable part of the city, a background that is, if not more "real," at least more proximate physically to the odyssey of the rise of America.

Although Kristol is an intellectual, who has published two collections of essays, he has never written a full-length book. Although he is a distinguished professor, he has never attended graduate school. He is a founding editor of *The Public Interest*, a small but influential quarterly, and he writes regular and much

discussed essays in a number of *The Wall Street Journal's* board of contributors. He is a crucial influence in the spending of five-figure dollars that can move a project or a scholar forward. Under most conditions, who advises their fortunes by stating out ideas in books, Kristol has achieved prominence advancing other people's ideas. He operates more like a man of affairs with interlocking roles than like a solitary thinker. James Q. Wilson, the Harvard political scientist, calls him "the godfather." Though Kristol is one of the more conservative in the world, and Jude Wannink, a political and economic consultant and neoconservative proponent, goes all the way. He calls Kristol "Don Corleone."

When they first met, in 1972, Wannink was a writer for the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal* and Kristol had just been named to the paper's board of contributors. Wannink was beginning to explore the theories of an unknown economist named Arthur Laffer. From the University of Chicago, Kristol called one day for lunch "at the Indian Pavilion, where he practically lives," says Wannink. "I told Irving my idea, that the Laffer staff was considered heretical and that he would get a lot of flak from the economists if he ran it in *The Public Interest*. He said, 'Write it, and I'll run it.' *The Public Interest's* circulation is small—only 15,000—but its subscribers include Jerry Brown, who claims it is his favorite magazine."

Wannink wrote the article—"The Mundell-Laffer Hypothesis"—in four weeks and sent it to Kristol. "The editor ran to tell me that he was going to publish it, but he wanted to apologize for the heavy editing," Wannink says. "I was worried and ready to withdraw the piece, but then I saw what he had done. It was only on percent of what a newspaperman is used to. He toned it down and made me appear more thoughtful than I am. I didn't come into it as a borrowed position. I'm grateful to Irving for that, too."

The article was controversial—at the muted circle where it was read and discussed at all. "I was forced to learn more," Wannink says, "not detaching the piece." A second article followed, this one was called "Laffer, Keynes, and the Laffer Curve." It was the first time that the famous parabola had appeared in print. According to Laffer, there are two rates of taxation that will provide the same revenues for government. One rate is high, and the other is low. The high rate discourages economic activity, while the lower rate encourages it. Therefore, sometimes the government can achieve more activity and increase its own revenues by cutting taxes. It sounds almost too good to be true—free beer and wide roads—but there is historical evidence to support the argument. The most recent example is the tax cut that was passed during John Kennedy's presidency.

Geoffrey Norman is a rising editor for *Esquire*.

Irving Kristol: Most intellectuals stake out their fortunes by influencing their ideas in books. He writes only published essays.

Photograph by Francesco Carrozzini

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And it immediately attracted an even kind of writers. That's what a good magazine does. It establishes a tradition in a certain kind of writer is comfortable. It does not necessarily put forth an ideological line."

In its first years, *The Public Interest* published articles by men whose names are always included when the neoconservative roll

is called: Bill Kristol, May Sarton, Nathan Glazer, James Q. Wilson, and Seymour Martin Lipset. The magazine prospered as the fishbowl of small political journals. It never made any money, but it attracted attention and new backers. It was, at first, put out in Kristol's office at Basic Books. Eventually, the magazine required its own office and began hiring junior editors, who took over the tedious work of contacting copy, reading unsolicited manuscripts, and answering phones and complaints. The junior staff turned over frequently, and several of Kristol's younger editors are now working for larger publications. Further spreading the influence of Irving Kristol and neoconservatism.

Kristol continued to move right, and so did the magazine. Bill was at Harvard and Kristol in New York and Bell, flailing, shut the magazine was becoming too extreme, eventually resigned. "I simply felt it was time to leave. It had been years, and my views had become too polarized; arguments I felt like there might soon be with the direction the magazine was taking. When you've been surrounded with someone for more than forty years, so I had with Irving, you feel that friendship is more important than politics," Bill says although he adds he is not a neoconservative, though he is occasionally pulled over in articles about the movement. "It's a wonderful movement, a socialist in economics, a conservative in culture."

It is probably fair to say that Kristol may be the only neoconservative who a Leftist might be called one. The magazine's guested thinkers, both right and green, the way you define yourself is important. There are all kinds of liberals: Jeffersonian and Jacksonian, socialist and social democratic, basic liberals and progressive liberals, Trotskyists and Stalinists and Marxists, and cautious subgroups. The Left appears almost as much from and through ideological and categorical lines as it does through politics. The Right has been

compelled to divide itself into the traditionalists and the individualists and to let it go at that. The new conservatives have brought their footnotes with labels along with them on their journey from left to right. Kristol is a "neoconservative." Norman Finkelstein, who has taken the American Jewish Committee's Cow money into an increasingly conservative posture, says, "I don't like the term. I don't see why it couldn't be 'neo-brown'; but I guess I'm stuck with it."

Whatever the term, some thing unites the men who write for *The Public Interest* and *Commentary* and who are called, whether they like it or not, "neoconservatives." Their themes are the themes of adulthood—the things you learn when you grow up. There is a lesson in how much you can change the world. If you try to do too much, you will fail. And even if you succeed, the unfortunate consequences of your success will probably cancel out the satisfaction of seeing what you wanted in the first place. Through the thinking and writing of the neoconservatives sounds a strong single note: what used to be called—without snickers—"middle-class morality."

Kristol puts it this way: "The insensitiveness of the bourgeois consumer has dissolved that liberal-individualist framework which held the deepest emphases of modern society and individual. One used to be encouraged to control one's appetites, now one is encouraged to satisfy them without delay."

But the neoconservatives don't limit, not in absolute terms. They do not want to strip the federal government of its power to manage the economy. They can live with the New Deal. "Neoconservatives have no problem with Social Security or with Medicare or with income-piggy bank laws," Kristol says. "If industry chooses to purchase these services collectively, that's fine. It is probably necessary in an industrial society. These programs are universal, so they don't set one class against another. Everybody collects Social Security after a certain age. So there is no cause for resentment as there was in the case of a number of Great Society programs that placed the poor against everybody else and inevitably inflamed a feeling of envy in the poor and resentment in the taxpayer, who were being taxed to support these programs. Gen-

eral social welfare programs are all right, and we can afford them as long as the conservative welfare state, which is something new."



Kristol and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. The neoconservative were not critical of Harvard as were the academic converts of John Kennedy.

eral social welfare programs are all right, and we can afford them as long as the conservative welfare state, which is something new."

Neoconservatives—especially Kristol—are willing to dirty their hands on subjects that have always been intellectually sacred—commerce, trade, capitalism, and money. "Neoconservatism," Kristol says, "begins with a rejection of socialism. Socialism is a failure. You cannot rely on institutions and so on when they were apologizing for Stalin. We must wait for free socialism—socialism as a progressive Western nation that will not turn to barbarism. We're not doing it, and it is a failure. Socialism is no solution then."

So if you reject socialism, then you must replace it with something. It can't be socialism. I think it can be capitalism.

What capitalism provides is economic growth, not economic redistribution. Men have been crying for an equitable redistribution for years, and it cannot be accomplished without tyranny. Capitalism says that if men are free to pursue their economic self-interest, then we will have economic growth and everybody will be better off. Not better off by the same amount, but better off. This is an extraordinary promise and capitalism delivers. When you stop growing, then it is when you have had economic over-saturation. Nobody cares about inequalities as much as every thing is getting better. What if it's people try to improve their position through the present process and the present and best powerful members of society suffer. We've already seen that Proposition 13 is an example."

A final characteristic of neoconservatism—and probably the most disturbing to the former friends of neoconservatism—is a willingness to write off some social problems as simply too large

and intractable to solve and, therefore, a willingness to live with them or merely contain them. Kristol, for instance, says, "I am a New Yorker, and I can't help but be distressed by what is happening to the city. But I also cannot believe that it will be solved by the same kind of intervention that got it where it is today. The best thing that can be done for New York right now is to leave it alone and let it sort it out in its own way. If people leave, fine. Maybe it is too big. If services have to be cut, okay. Maybe there were too many of them, and they were too expensive to begin with. New York is an old, industrial city, and like many old industrial cities, it is being replaced by younger, modern cities. Houston, for instance. Personally, I wouldn't want to live in Houston, but that is beside the point. Things cut and other things are born, and there is very little we can do about it. When we try, we usually make things worse."

David Perlmutter, Mayor of New York City, says he is the junior partner from the State of New York. He has made it his business in the Senate to save New York in particular and the Northeast in general. According to one Manhattan neoconservative, Perlmutter's heart is not really in it. "He agrees with Kristol, but he just can't say so. He wants to get re-elected." Kristol says, "Well, these days that has to worry more about pleasing fifty-one percent of his party than about the quality of his arguments."

In 1965, Kristol was appointed Henry Luce Professor of Government at New York University by Henry Luce, a member of that generation who was a wealthy one. Since Irving Kristol did not believe there were any actual values. He took, as a matter of fact, writes an essay arguing that one of America's problems was that the entire culture had been abandoned. Also, one of the steady

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## THE NEOCONS

hobby of neoconservatism is Edward Bushfield, *The Wilderness City*, which describes an "urban, neoconservative" that meets socialization and that will keep the streets of the city pretty mean. It is considered a must-reading in some quarters, and Bushfield was one of the editors of the student program during the Sixties. But Kravitz assigned Bushfield in his classes used recently with no reaction from the students.

Kravitz resigned from Bushfield when he began teaching, and three years later he was invited to join the board of contributors of *The Wall Street Journal*. His essays appear on the editorial page once a month. The *Journal's* Robert Bartley says Kravitz has been very well received by all but a few neoconservatives—those who resent Kravitz's teaching time when he writes that business men learn to think politically.

After *The Wall Street Journal* connection was established, Kravitz was approached by AEI and became a senior fellow. Their conservative list network of reinforcing directorates. Thus Kravitz, who would have had influence even if he had only sat in a shabby room writing essays, had squared the circle. At precisely the right time, he had everything he needed to advance his ideas and the ideas of people who thought like he did or even, like Jude Wannink, came close to thinking like he did. Kravitz had become, in every way, a real American force.

There had been a joke, of course. Moving from left to right has not, incidentally, been easy on those who make the trip. Max Eastman lost friends on his odyssey from *Newark to London's Digest*. Similarly left as the Thirties, John D. Piroch became bitterly anti-Conservative and nearly blew it in his love of everything American after the Second World War. His motto was all but forgotten. George Orwell was recently vilified after he turned on Soviet communism—even though he had fought for the Republic in Spain and had taken a bullet through the neck for his trouble.

So Kravitz was asked at lunch one day if he thought he had paid a price for moving from left to right.

"No. Not particularly."

"What about the Irving Howe essay?" Howe and Kravitz go back to the days of eleven number one. They were once referred to as "The College of Irving" by New York intellectuals. Howe has remained a socialist while becoming one of the foremost literary critics in America. He recently wrote an admiring biography of Trotsky and followed it with an attack on Kravitz and neoconservatives called "The Rule-Making" for *The New Republic*.

"I didn't think the essay was very good," Kravitz said. "Irving wrote about some things very well but lately, politics has not been one of them."

"Do you still see him?"

"A few years ago, it was a matter even

when New York intellectuals stopped using one another for political reasons. The list was invaded with all sorts of political significance that hardly covered the real reason people were curious. The reason was, of course, that they wanted to hear the young."

"Look," Kravitz said, "I don't think you ought to make too much out of this. When you are in the business of arguing ideas, you take your ideas seriously and you expect people who hold opposing ideas to take them seriously. When your ideas change, you stop seeing some people socially because, if you did, you'd wind up arguing all the time. There isn't much more in it than that. I will see people like Irving Howe occasionally, and we are still civil. But we don't invite each other over for dinner like we used to. Some people are less tolerant than others. Alfred Kohn, for instance, thinks I'm a fascist and won't speak to me but that is not too high a price to pay."

So I changed the subject. Does Kravitz think Jack Kemp will run for President?

"I think he'll be on the ticket."

Is he smart enough? A football player with a degree in physical education?

"Jack is a quick study. He reads, and he thinks. He knows what he's talking about on the tax issue. Nobody is coaching him. Besides, you don't necessarily have to be that smart to be a President. What you need is character and guts. Jack has that."

Bernstein, Reagan and McInnes, who would he vote for?

"I'm a Republican, I'd have to vote for Jack. My wife would vote for Pat."

He takes his work—but not himself—seriously. It's hard for a good conservative in this era of neo-cons—the body and-sound world of the world. The political action of the world is a gloomy prospect for the conservative who knows that progress is not inevitable, not even very likely. This is why the left (especially) promotes the Right. The Left thinks it will control the end, and the Right, the conservative Right, knows that it probably won't. Intellectual arguments in the current temperance of the Right just as arguments in the estate of the Left.

Kravitz knows the same thing in more immediate, but literary ways. He is Jewish, after all. During the worst days of the 1950s Anti-Jewish war, he was not spared. To a young and emotional reporter of Jewish like Kravitz, the news was very bad. The Jewish writers were taking heavy casualties on every front and there was no sign of a breakthrough. Then a friend called Kravitz with the news. The Russian had crossed the front and stopped the Egyptian Third Army. The tide had turned. "Clear up, Irving," the friend said.

"Yes," Kravitz answered. "Even if we aren't be happy, we must always be cheerful." —



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# PAN AM



# Billy Carter: Cracker... or Crack-up? Why the President's "kid brother" plays the clown

by Edwin Diamond

**T**he first time I talked to Billy Carter, he almost had over me on his last-recorded session. It was a hot July Sunday morning in Plains, Georgia, and I had just finished interviewing a boyfriend friend of Jimmy Carter's for a book about the President, due out later this year. As we stood outside talking, Billy's car coasted up the gravel driveway, stopped, then sped up and headed toward us. He put on the brakes about three feet from us and laughed, showing those Carter teeth (by the way, yes, he's got 'em). I was, I suppose, his idea of a joke.

When Billy Carter had given me and the historian Bruce Malin, my collaborator, two long and helpful interviews, I observed we were friends, he hadn't started running off about the Yankee Republic, Jewish press back then. We talked on cars of beer and shared a shot of the Port from the Synagogue on chest writing on the back seat. He also offered some advice: "I'll tell you what you should be writing about. Write about how a President can serve up a town." That was eight months ago, two, then, Billy Carter's statements were coming to a public head.

Back then, though, the Carter charm might've belied the Carter angst: Billy Carter only played crash-up. Now he appears headed for real self-destruction, determined to run down his brother or—more shockingly—himself.

Family stressors, of course, weigh in all of us to some extent. A man who drinks a dozen beers a day, who has a daily three-pack cigarette habit, and who beats his mark to the quick, has been wrestling with some sort of demons for a long time.

Billy Carter began to stand apart early in life. While Jimmy got straight A's, Billy's report card was larded with U's in deportment. If Jimmy was abstemious, Billy would begin drinking before noon. If Jimmy ran for President, Billy would not run for mayor of Plains, Oregon, on the no wet towel of beer sales on the Knapwax day of riot. In physics, unmastered behavior appears to matter. Billy has become one. A name, the counter-Carter

Now the town is his homeland. As the mayor, directed against himself as much as anyone else, continues to foster the department must grow more and more unsatisfactory. Billy Carter knows an exact level when his doing with his ex-wife with her new-found Lillian friends instead of the boys from the American service sector. When he crosses an airport runway, it's automatic chaos—pouring into the wind. When he catches Charles Keble (James Caan) from the close. Once a duck back when he says that to the President. Judy (Linda) would be in the White House. Billy is sticking at the royal court, comes as close as possible without being the king. It's a loss up who will be tolerated next, the President or the nonconformist.

Unstable interest is part of the Carter family legacy. Five practices anger—and rightly so—far-sighted citizens as much as push by insurance and drugists at a detriment. But no one has to perform psychoparasitism to achieve a possible level of understanding of Billy Carter. He once told an interviewer, "I got one sister who's a Billy Railler preacher. Another wears a helmet and rides a motorcycle. And my brother thinks he's going to be President. So that makes me the only sane one in the family." (The

*Edwin Diamond is a journalist and a senior lecturer in political science at MIT.*

an interview with Professor Markish and me, he gave us a different assessment of his brother, his sisters, and himself. The trouble is," he said, "we are all too much alike."

Brothers, sisters, we know sadness and things can restrict you as they shape by their parents, the common affliction. While the Carter brothers and sisters are now adults, they own right, they share characteristics. Jimmy Carter suffered a deep depression after he lost the Georgia gubernatorial race in 1966. In his forty-second year, he thought his life had become bleak and pointless—a classic mid-life crisis feeling. Glavin Carter says, "The manopiles, had a disastrous first marriage. Ruth Carter Sipleston recalled that in her early years of marriage, "a constantly fell into ways of depression and anxiety, which led to hypertension." She also stated that she managed suicide, jump out from her car when "my broken heart."

Glenn Spang now runs a composed, quiet household caring for his husband, Robt Stapleton, who is a major league business owner, saving for the souls of others. But each still remembers the voice of their father, James Earl Carter Sr., and his demands for perfection, as well as his dominating force around the Carter house (Gillian Carter, for her part, was not much of a presence at home; she spent her time at her nursing work and at her great passion, reading books—a distant parent.) James CARTER's remembrance of his father—Mr. Earl, the black ocean cropper called him—was like those of his sons. Billy Carter was born in 1937, when Jimmy Carter was twelve years old; nearly 40 years after the youngest son was weaned, he was still nursing his father.

At the time, Carter barely remembers his brother Billy from his childhood. Billy was sent off to college and the Naval Academy when Billy was 16 years old. With Mr. Earl's eldest son away, Billy remained being loved, "almost like an only child," Jimmy Carter didn't come home for more than a few days for his parents until Mr. Earl's death from cancer in 1955. Jimmy Carter was a U.S. Navy officer studying nuclear reactors up north when Mr. Earl became ill. Billy Carter was where at the time he was dropped out of high school to care for his father, drive him around, and he has been around the house

When Mr. Cad died in 1953, Billy Carter, at sixteen, might have been the man of the family. But his father had extensive land holdings and business interests, and a sixteen-year-old couldn't run them. His brother had decided to come back from the Navy and take over, to start a new life. Jimmy Carter, the man that Billy Carter only knew existed, a stranger actually, was in charge of the Carter household.

thickly discovered cane, beer, and girls. The morning after he was graduated from high school, he got out of Plains by taking the small-town southern route of joining the military. He had enlisted in the Marines two months before graduation, on the day he turned eighteen. But his mother and his brother—the now seething figure and head of the household—had made him finish school, as parents often do.

Billy Carter says he picked the Marines because he had always heard that they were "bad asses" and "I wanted to be a bad ass." To be a bad ass meant that it was smart, "like Marine men take care of us. Air Force people I found out that two Marines couldn't take care of seven right after boot camp," because he used "Stella" Billy Carter survived four years and considered becoming a pilot but backed out when he learned the Marines wouldn't let him take his wife and young children with him overseas.



## Why the President's "kid brother" plays the clown

by Edwin Diamond

Back home in Plains, Jimmy Carter was building up the already substantial agribusiness that Mr. Earl had left. Earl Billy Carter avoided the prospering family enterprises. Even today, he says, he breaks out in hives when he's around peanuts too much. He tried working in construction and as a salesman on the road. He even enrolled in Emory University but, seven years out of high school, couldn't keep up.

Finally, in 1994, with a wife and children to care for, he began his own new life back in Plains. He went to work for his brother. When Jimmy Carter started raising for office, Billy Carter began running the Carter agribusiness. Jimmy Carter's success got both of them out of Plains. The Carter agribusiness is now administered by a blind trust, and an employee friend runs Billy's Amosco strawbs. Billy Carter became a casualty of his brother's success. He had nothing much to do anymore.

He hired an agent to book him on the celebrity circuit. He charged \$5,000 or more for an appearance at events such as the polo-playing world championship and assorted business meetings, beauty competitions, and freestyle-skiing contests. In the clown troupes he worked at, he accepted most everything but "services," including, turning down a request to speak at Tulane University Law School.

While his public appearances and business ventures brought him perhaps \$500,000 a year, he remained real-estate. He earned the heavy burden of looking something like a loser, the appendage of a constantly successful brother, the President of the United States. Part of his way of dealing with this has been to make outright fun of himself, the stock figure. More and more, the target became his brother and the Carter legend. "I'm not the

The intense Jimmy Carter deals with pressure and anger by keeping his control, he has great goals in mind. The relaxed Billy Carter has a reputation for sudden rage and violence. He isn't as

good at holding in his anger. During one of his brother's campaigns for governor, Willy ripped a telephone from a wall and threw it into the front yard. Powerful emotions always seem close to the surface in all the Carvers. Gloria Carver Spann lost her second husband, so much like her father, she says, to help her hold her feelings in. Ruth Carver Espinosa lost her faith therapy. Jimmy Carver, his political nemesis Willy is the Carver without

Some commentators, notably William Safire, believe Jimmy Carter's behavior was a calculated move to distance himself from the scandal by appearing as a "straight shooter." Safire suggests that Carter could be a potentially damaging witness in the House Democrats' investigations of Bert Lance. Safire, who has a good track record in these matters, argues that Billy Carter knows about "some curious Carter borrowings from the Lance bank." Perhaps, but there is no need for conspiracy theories in order to understand the behavior of the man who was once the youngest brother/sister/sun/son/President, Jimmy Carter. When James Carter told NBC's John Chancellor that "any attempt that I might make to control Billy's words or actions would not be successful at all," the older brother showed he understood the success of the younger brother's behavior. Psychologists reassure us that the older brother/sister/sun/son/President can't control Billy Carter's behavior. Billy Carter is a free man. He can do what he damn well wants. And he can do it with a clear conscience. Billy Carter isn't likely to make a



Scouring of devil: Mark Lane has built a career exploring the public persona about political assassinations

Illustration by Milton Glaser

# The Case Against Mark Lane

The conclusion: He has only two motives—profit and headlines

by Steven Brill

**I**t is pouring rain on 101 going north of San Francisco, and Mark Lane's Honda Toyota is not taking it well. The wind, the splash, the air grind of the moose, surely drives out his voice—a voice that is at the beginning of our 120-mile, three-and-a-half-hour drive surprisingly subdued. We are an ear away from the San Francisco airport to Santa Rosa, 60 miles west, where Lane, he says, needs to interview a potential witness in the Guyana suicide case. As we go, I keep an eye out for a van-a-car billboard. Should he explode when I start asking questions, I'll need a way back.

I expect a strong conspiracy addict, a fluster at the mouth. What I get the first 30 miles or so is a monotone parroted a voice and face bored with this unapproach run through the story of how the CIA, State Department, Justice Department, Federal Communications Commission, even the Post Office, conspired to murder the People's Temple members of Jonestown, Guyana, by denying them and leader Jim Jones so much inside. (The Post Office did its part by failing to send Social Security checks to remote colonies.) Lane is medium large, not the piggery little tough conspiracy expert I anticipated. And with a wide, wide nose, comically black-gray beard and sappy eyes dominating his face, he looks even today herky—like a whitened waxes or uncle who teaches English in somewhere. His profile from matches his mood. In the beginning, as he idly lays out the plot, we are going 35-45 in a 55 mile per hour lane.

When we get to Santa Rosa I tell him that the witness doesn't exist. Lane will stop at a gas station, make a phone call, then say he's made a mistake and we might as well turn back. As for the Guyana case, well, Lane doesn't have one of those either. What he has is a twenty-seven-year-old friend named Terry Ballard who now lives with him at his Memphis house. She was in charge of financial records in Jonestown until just before the suicide, when she defected. Lane has her, and he also has a unique relationship—because since September he's been a lawyer for Jim Jones, a lawyer who said in October that Jonestown was "an incredible experiment with such vast potential for the human spirit and the soul of this country."

But with Ballard at his side, Lane has turned his PR problem into a new profit maker. The best defense isent a good offense, he has developed his own conspiracy theory, which he laid carefully parrots. The CIA, Justice Department, and the one plotted to kill off the Jonestown colony because they feared that Jim Jones's supposed plan to migrate to the Soviet Union would embarrass the United States. "Yes," Lane acknowledges about 20 miles into our ride. "I plan to devote much of my time to helping Terry and to giving to the nation of how Jones was manipulated by U.S.

intelligence agencies and how the confrontation with Jones [and Congressman Leo Ryan] was arranged by them."

In the months following Guyana, we will be hearing from him again. Not in his early Toyota monotone. But with the practiced business that I'll see later in our ride—the kind that's worked them an campaign before, when the subject was death and the dead were John Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. And always the adroit lawyer will come in front of his name. Lawyer Mark Lane today charged that Lawyer Mark Lane revealed Lawyer Mark Lane attacked.

Don't believe him. On major issues, Mark Lane is an utterly truthful to any who have ever moved across our headlines. And his motives are always the same: profit and headlines.

He will tell us how he became Jim Jones's lawyer because he wanted to help Jones avoid harassment from the CIA—Jonestown Lane now says he feared would drive Jones mad. And of course he'll tell us that his motive for Jones was pro Jones. He told me, for example, that his real fee from the People's Temple was not a \$100 a month.

## MONEY FROM PEOPLE'S TEMPLE

In fact, according to documents provided to me by a San Francisco survivor of the People's Temple, Lane's original September contract arrangement with Jones called for an up front \$10,000 payment and a fee of \$6,000 a month (plus telephone and travel expenses). Among the documents I obtained is a photocopy of a \$10,000 cashier's check sent to Lane by the People's Temple. It is in a close but not close to the lawyer's compensation. Lane also suggested in a memo to Jones that the entire fee of a three-story building Lane once owned from the Supreme Court, in Washington, should be rented by the temple.

Lane says that as return for the \$6,000 his sole legal service would be to file a Freedom of Information Act request "that would prove that the CIA had conspired to get Jones and the temple." No Freedom of Information Act request was ever filed. All it takes is a simple form letter.

"Mark was also going to do public relations work for the temple," says Lane himself and get hired April Ferguson, explaining the still bias. "He persuaded Jones," adds one People's Temple insider, "that the strategy [by San Francisco lawyer and Jonestown defector Timothy Stoen] to get custody of a child Jones had kept in Guyana was part of the CIA plot to destroy him and that he [Lane] would expose it all. And Jones was so crazy that he bought it."

Indeed, Lane's return to Jones outlining his proposed work did produce public relations work.

What kind of PR work was done? In October, Lane contacted Kirby Hunter, a former reporter for the *Utah Daily Journal* (circulation 9,000) in northern California, who wrote me of

# His antinuke gig didn't make headlines. Kennedy's death did. Within weeks, Lane had corralled Oswald's mother as a client.



Work Oswald's mother. Lane also a month after the assassination. Lane gave a 10,000-word brief to the new Warren Commission.

the earliest stories about the progress and the problems of defectors at Jeter's camp in Guyana. Lane told her he'd like to meet with her and some of her sources. Except that he didn't say he was lawyer Mark Lane representing Jim Jones. According to Blum and two others who attended the subsequent meeting, Lane instead said he was Mark Lane, a reporter for *Esquire* magazine. Eight people at the West Coast dinner with Jones saw Lane seated right off in Lane of *Esquire* during that time. When "Lane" with Harper and her cousin, he supervised their accounts of reports and other items. Other persons in Guyana (as well as friends against Blum), telling others as all the while with a promise of a sympathetic post in *Esquire*. The next day, lawyer Lane held a press conference in San Francisco and held a news conference in Jeter's headquarters and that she and other Jonesites' demands were crazy.

This magazine may be grounds for Lane's statement that the Governor Commission of the Second Federal Department in New York City (Lane's only bar affiliation could pursue "Disqualification Rule 7-102 A-5 of the Lawyers Code of Professional Responsibility" were that "in his representation of a client, a lawyer shall not knowingly make a false statement of law or fact." Lane's "Mark Lane" suit was just this.

My question to Lane about Blum's charge that he posed as a reporter comes just after we are asked in Jones' book, having found no "witness." The worst thinkers, the fact panel published the *Topical* to 80. One hand paid the air, the other serves the wheel ball a cry.

"That's crazy. She's a — in fact, somebody's writing this up. Look at what the Justice Department is doing. They're setting up my mother."

The two other people told me the same story, on the record. "Well, I did tell them I was a reporter. But not for *Esquire*. I'd never work for *Esquire*. It's not a serious magazine."

Esquire or no *Esquire*, Lane was admitting a violation of Rule 7-102 A-5. He also admitted that Kathy Hunter asked him, "Who are you conducting your investigation for?" and he said, "For a magazine." If it did not I was a lawyer for the fact that the would never have asked. "Where, one of the guests interviewed at Lane's magazine meeting with Hunter a Soviet. Katsaris. Katsaris was meeting the People's Temple because he claimed his daughter was being held hostage. Now, as we speak along at 50, Lane answered, "Sure, I took the opportunity to ask

him how he might settle the case." In short, a lawyer on the opposing side in litigation posed as a reporter to learn his opponent's settlement terms.

This apparently was not a sporadic moment of subterfuge. Notes of a meeting Lane had with Jones on September 17, 1978, made available to *Esquire*, report that Lane's "sources," as he described it, for interviewing a private investigator hired by a family who thought their daughter was being held hostage at Jonestown would be the production of a book, with need for facts in order to get errors or omissions insurance policy.

Lane was also using "public relations" effect. Former People's Temple San Francisco official John Brown, says that Lane convinced her on November 8, 1978, is a meeting at the Los Angeles airport, to get \$100,000 in cash from the People's Temple treasury and deliver it to Lane at the airport the next day. Lane said that with the book, he got a draft of a negative article the *Associated Press* was preparing on Jonestown and that he'd then be able to postpone or "kill" the article. Brown told me she delivered the \$100,000 the next day but that Lane took only \$7,500 of it, saying that was all he'd needed to get the advance copy. According to Brown, Lane also said that while getting the article in advance might help the temple prepare for it or the other postpone it, for \$100,000 in cash he could get the article killed forever. Brown has signed a sworn affidavit recounting the airport cash-delivery story. Everyone at the *Esquire* dinner Lane said money to buy an advance copy. Lane now swears that he took \$7,500 from Brown but that it was for more unspecified legal work, so as to kill the *Esquire* piece.

The *Esquire* article might have been worth selling, but, as Hunter and the defectors might have been worth defending. But Lane and Blum are now conceding that they knew in advance that Jones was to carry that a honor such as the main source was virtually inevitable. This and the fact that Lane had heard the allegations of subterfuge and had been properly of a second page he ground for disbarment—that he didn't tell authorities, American or Guyanese, what he knew of a client's intention to violate the law. Lane, however, says that he did warn Congressman Ryan and that he went with Ryan to the airport, where they were "prevented from going."

If that's the case, as we argued in 1981, then why did he denounce Hunter and say Jonestown was an "irreparable experiment for the human spirit"? The case jumps ahead from 50 to 40. His right hand leaves the wheel. "I went there and saved the lives of a lot of — people while you and your — going on with saving your own skin. I didn't say my life for people. Lane is possible for five people to get out."

## REAPING THE PROFITS

The last part of Lane's new business comes in this before he died. Lane dispatched a man to go to tell of public officials. While the press is busy speculating about who is on the Jonestown list and how they're he, Lane may make even more money than he would have earned from his attorney/building-association agreement with Jones. Three weeks before we met, Lane said that he'd run the money to make money. *Esquire* magazine, now, he tells me during the next day, he got a \$500 gift in Salt Lake City tonight. And I find that last agent, George Griswold, is telling college groups and other potential audiences that Lane will appear for \$1,750. Lane tells me in the car he doesn't plan to write a book. So problem? He checked with newspaper editors in New York and Los Angeles, and he said, "I saw recently that she's selling for \$1,750,000." But for Mark's *Esquire* book. "I thought it would be just \$500,000, but we're raised it to eight of subsequent events, including the rendition [Lane's] of the list again."

If justice permitted to believe that there's a reasonable answer for such discrepancies, it's that the CIA, planned to kill off the Jonestown colony by driving Jones mad, consider Lane's past performance.

November 1981: Lane, then a freelance New York assemblyman, broke into the headlines and stayed there for four

months by accusing the assembly speaker of a conflict of interest. On February 26, 1982, the assembly ethics committee cleared the speaker of all conflict and said that Lane "gave wide publicity to a kind of constant charge against a public official, without a shred of credible evidence to sustain it." When the ethics committee Democrats and Republicans, told 145-1 to acquiesce the Republicans. Lane and the line dominating vote. Next he announced a run for Congress. His then dropped the campaign, explaining that he was quieting elderly relatives to do something about "the steady drift toward nuclear annihilation."

December 1982: Preventing nuclear annihilation hadn't made headlines. The Kennedy assassination did. Less than a month after the assassination, Lane volunteered a 10,000-word brief to the newly formed Warren Commission in which he argued it was Dr. Oswald's defense. By January, he convinced himself that he was a client, and by the fall, he was giving Jones, for as much as \$1,000 a night and selling record albums of his Warren Commission testimony for \$3.95.

August 1984: Lane published *Rush to Judgment*—his attack on the Warren Commission. Although reviewers called it unneeded, it made an impressive one. But according to people who worked for Lane at the time, the book was mostly written and researched by volunteers of the Lane-organized anti-Communist Commission of Inquiry. Harbison sales reached 225,000 in the United States, and overall the best estimate is that Lane personally cleared \$300,000 from the book.

Conspiracy to kill-order claims, Lane now swears that he said "over \$100,000 of the proceeds of that money was turned over to the Citizens Commission. He declines to make the commission's books available to substantiate either assertion that his lecture fees were turned over to the commission. "Your questions about my money are strangely similar to a CIA director that I knew was reading things reporters that the way to handle that was to say, 'about money,'" he explains. I took longer for a novel or so.

February 1983: Lane promised that New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison knew "who fired the shots that killed President Kennedy," and that Garrison's own special businessman Clay Shaw for conspiracy at the Kennedy case had been promised "so much money and so much respect by me, that it was a miracle one that would shake 'the very foundations of the country.'" When the case came to trial, Garrison produced no profitable evidence, and the jury took less than an hour to acquit Shaw. "Garrison was right about the CIA, was right," he says. The hard word declined. "You know he was right."

July 1984: Lane published another book, of *Citizen's Digest*, in which he warned the press of a conspiracy to suppress *Rush to Judgment*. Reviewing the book for *The New York Times*, Victor Navasky, author of *Kennedy Justice* and now editor of *The Nation*, randomly selected as of Lane's claims of a media attempt to suppress him and found five to be "misrepresentations." "What do you expect from someone like Navasky?" Lane shouts. According to Lane, the book earned at least another \$30,000.

October 1984: Lane published a quick pamphlet in a new American pamphlet—the Vietnam War and the protest against it in the 1960s. *Democratic Chronicle*, in Chicago, called the book "Chicago Chronicle" and wrote that Lane "relates a story I saw which is quite different from what newspaper readers have been told take place." Fifteen months later, in testimony at the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial, Lane conceded under sharp cross-examination that statements in the book were drawn from newspaper accounts rather than personal observations.

December 1979: Lane's New York Times book published governments with Americans on the left of the My Lai massacre and other disclosures. It purported to be a series of co-banded interviews with real American soldiers who committed and atrocities, such as killing Vietnamese women by putting hand barrels at their vaginas. In a review, *New York Times* reporter Neil Sheehan, who spent time in Vietnam, called the book "a lie." It is that in which happens when a society shares the commission of a crime, emotional steel and leads the powers to a Mark Lane—Sheehan, who took the trouble to check, found that many

# "He stole my client," said Lesar. "Somehow he went to visit Ray in jail and got in. . . Next thing I know, he's Ray's lawyer."



With James Earl Ray, Lane pushed Ray to finally before the House Assassinations Committee. They were disbarred.

of the soldiers Lane interviewed simply were not stationed where they and they were when the supposed atrocities took place and the other book fans didn't check out. Interviewer Chuck Olson, for example, was described as being part of an elite Marine Corps target patrol unit that received special language training in addition to parachute, dogfight, and jungle-warfare courses. Sheehan checked Marine records and found that Olson had only been to basic boot camp and an aviation school before working in a black-room clerk at a psychiatric base in South Carolina—Bum which he described as "hell."

Sheehan was "interested in coming up for the Army in Vietnam," Lane believed. Sheehan in the *Times* reporter who was responsible for publication of *The Pentagon Papers*.

The review of *Conversations* went on to say that the book sold only 10,000 hardbacks and less than 100,000 paperbacks, but Lane said earned "more than \$50,000" in advance from the publisher, he says.

July-August 1976: Lane had been badly unheard of for several years, except for some Kennedy assassination press releases and a brief on of headlines generated for getting arrested in 1974 as a lawyer in the Woodward-Rosen Indian rights suit. (The books of a defense committee he linked to remove investigations for that must also not available.) Then he got himself into the Mark's Luther King Jr. assassination case. Five months earlier, reporter Lesar, of *Newsweek*, had written two articles suggesting that the investigation leading to the arrest of James Earl Ray in King's case (now known as Lesar, she thought) and that the FBI and Memphis police might have been involved in the murder. So Lane went to Memphis and interviewed people. People had answered. According to Payne, Lane "let and told my sources he was working with me." Lane then wrote a series of articles in a short-lived publication called *Washington Newsweek* and linked with the Congressional Black Caucus, calling for a reorganization of King's murder because of the possibility of FBI and Memphis police involvement and an FBI cover-up. Nearly every bit he used (and distorted) was drawn from Payne's work, just he characterized it all as his own recollection.

"He's always trying to tell other people's work," Payne told me recently, shaking his head. "I got most often from assassination books around the country. 'The worst part,' Payne added, "is that he distorted my work so much that he thoroughly discredited it." He jumped from my information about the FBI just

**Lane's masquerade as a reporter  
—to learn his opponent's  
settlement terms—may be  
grounds for his disbarment.**



Rich Garry in Guyana. The son of a black convicted Jones told him he'd file a Freedom of Information Act suit. \*

reinvestigating thoroughly and having King) to the fact that the FBI killed King. He had no bridge to get to that conclusion. But if you know Lane, you know he needs no bridge.

I start questions about Pope and near the end of the side Lane speaks, pouring the disbarment. "You ask him for the assets of these sources. He's a disreputable liar. I arrested him. He thinks he has a proprietary right to the news."

On the strength of these new press clips, Lane then corrected James Earl Ray (in the law business this is called ambulance chasing). "He stole my client," says James Lane, who had represented Ray since 1970. "Somehow he went to visit Ray in jail and got to and convinced him [Ray] that if he let Lane file a Freedom of Information Act request about the FBI and King, he [Lane] could exonerate him. The next thing I know, he's Ray's lawyer."

"Lane's a ---- or he is," Lane declares. "A total incompetent. Why don't you talk to Bernard Russell or Arnold Toynbee about this. Come on, write that damn guideline. Write down Bernard Russell!" (Russell died in 1975; Toynbee in 1970.) As with the *Insanity* Freedom of Information Act requests, Lane never filed Ray's request. But Lane's Ray efforts did produce a quick hard-cover book. *Cody Name "Zorro"* about the King

murder. It paid Lane no advance of "ten figures," agent Collier says. "I got \$50,000," Lane says.

It was also during this time that *New Times* magazine ran a story alleging that Ray's brother Jerry was involved in the King murder. Lane himself admits that he quickly called Jerry Ray and offered his services to sue *New Times* (that's two antelopes chased for one assassination).

—August 1978: Lane convinced Ray to testify before the House Assassination Committee (with Lane at his side in light blue and contrast striped)—a course lawyer Lane had advised against.

Lane and James Earl Ray were demolished at the House hearings. Particularly damaging was a statement by a retired Scotland Yard officer who guarded Ray after his arrest. He told committee investigators that Ray clearly indicated he'd shot King and that he "just found black people." Lane then backtracked the veracity of "the same irresponsible conduct in the history of Congress" for not revealing that the officer had been "dismissed in disgrace" for theft and perjury. Scotland Yard replied that the officer had been retired honorably.

Undaunted, Lane made one last-ditch following remark, on October 14, declaring with an air of certainty that would have made Am. Garrison proud that "no one knew with irrefutable evidence, evidence which is beyond my question—who killed Martin Luther King. We know James Earl Ray is not guilty. We know who was involved. We are prepared to prove this, prepared to prove [that] people in powerful positions of the U.S. government today learned of this information before we did."

#### KOOL-AID CONSPIRACY

Jim Jones has so far saved Lane from having to produce on that one: the Guyana mass suicide/murder about a month after these promises on the King case gave Lane a new subject.

According to Jones's other lawyer, Charles Garry, Lane stole my client. Without ever contacting me, the son of a bitch contacted Potts and told him he'd file a Freedom of Information Act suit that could expose a CIA conspiracy.

"He's just a weak old man," Lane says of Garry. "I could say he's CIA, but I think in his case, it's just old age and ego."

Speed with info about a hit squad serving the Guyana dossier, the CIA plot is the new Lane line that we're now denied to sit through. The sole evidence that there is a hit squad, incidentally, other than Lane's and cheer Terry Halliday's statements are the jackets of Koal-Aid Lane says he found on his doorstep in Memphis a few days after the Guyana deaths. (The doorman dropping of the drink mix used for the Jonestown poison is his last warning from the hit men, Lane says.) At least once in law-enforcement people, Lane's credibility is now such that the Memphis detective investigating the Koal-Aid suspect Lane plotted it himself. That's the question I save for later when he's to let me off. "Get me the name of that Memphis cop," he screams. "In telling you, it's just part of the plot to discredit me and get me murdered."

"Who is trying to murder you?"

"The CIA, through the media, principally the same media that covered up the Kennedy and King assassinations. The key media are CBS and *The New York Times*."

"Is Walter Cronkite a CIA agent?"

"I don't know what he is, but I know what he's done and what he's doing. By reporting it as Guyana killing money out of a People's Temple bank, I could have been killed."

"Why would the government want you killed?"

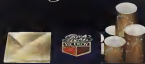
"I don't know. Why was King killed?"

As with the Vietnam atrocities and the assassinations, Guyana needs to be investigated. And the investigations should be watched themselves. But Lane has repeatedly damaged the credibility of sincere critics of these past conspiracies by his loud, vocal, trashy presence at their side. He should not be listened to as he scrawls his way through this new national nightmare, lecture and literary agent in tow. —B

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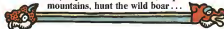
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# A Sporting Guide to



Where to walk the loneliest beach, surf the longest waves, hike to ancient monasteries, dive for black coral, jump the finest horses, explore sacred mountains, hunt the wild boar...



## Travel by Stephen Birnbaum

**T**here was a day when sensible souls went on vacation with nothing more adventurous in mind than a classic lounge beside some peaceful ocean beach or lake-front. Those tranquil times are long gone. The modern sophisticated vacation is now more typically an active, strenuous travel affair

that may require a rest-and-recovery period at home longer than the holiday itself.

Few countries surpass Mexico in providing the active-minded with dramatic playing grounds. The sports settings can also be spectacularly scenic, from tropical lowlands along the Gulf coast to the

and deserts of the Baja Peninsula.

To follow this trend away from the sedentary, I've approached Mexico in search of its many athletic attractions, and no matter what your favorite form of producing perspiration, you'll find a fine place to pursue it in the guide we have put together for you below.



## BEST BEACHES

It's hard to imagine how a country could be any better endowed with coastline and beach front than Mexico. The country has more than 5,500 miles of shoreline facing the Pacific Ocean and the Bay of Cortés (at the west) and along the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea (on the east). That spicy flavor of the Baja Penin-

sula, stretching some 400 miles south into the Pacific, provides two additional coastlines on the western hemisphere. The western coast has been Mexico's traditional swimming spot, including several of North America's most celebrated beach resorts. The shore is a host of wide, powder-white strands of sand, all stretching under a sky that's almost always cloudless, rarely overcast.

### Baja Peninsula

**Ensenada:** A hard sand beach that stretches 10 miles south and offers plenty of space for privacy and seclusion. Few beachfront tourist facilities, though services are abundantly available in town.

**Puerto Real:** A peninsula located on Ensenada's Todos Santos Bay. Puerto Real has beaches and coves that run for 3 miles plus cabes and campgrounds.

**San Quinten:** An agricultural town 120 miles from Ensenada with beautiful beach

es and ponds clean that stretch as many towns in the sea. Clam diggers and horseback riders can be seen from dusk till dawn along the lovely, long beach.

**Matamoros Beach:** Located off the dirt road from Bahía Tanguay that was once beach attracts many seashell and driftwood collectors.

**San Rosendo:** On the east coast of the Baja Peninsula facing Guaymas, across the Sea of Cortés. These beautiful beaches start south of town and get better all the way from Mulaque and into Bahía Conception. There are several restaurants and hotels available in this area.

Located flanked by date palms and among the best sand stretches north of La Paz. Some superb seafood can be found at nearby restaurants.

**San Carlos:** Located right in the Gulf of California, across from Loreto, ringed with white, sandy, empty, white-powder beaches and clean, clear waters. Easily ac-



## BRIGHT COLORS FOR THE MEXICAN SUN

**T**he folks above Cuernavaca are not just the writers' characters; they're brightly colored, striped, patterned, and in a word, not so cover from the sun and rays for a gallop through the scrub toward the protection of the National Forest.

*No outfit your (BIR) are photographed by Susan Smith at San's Art. Many illustrations by New York. Her posts are also by Susan. The names and areas here are active in Cuernavaca.*

available by boat from Fortín.

**La Paz:** The capital city of Baja California Sur, with a pleasant, craggy beach. Coronado Beach, 2 miles north of town, and Palmitero Beach are both noted for "sugar" sand.

**San José del Cabo:** 23 miles southeast of the tip of the Baja; this sleepy village has wonderful swimming beaches and a fine resort hotel called Las Cienas Palomas. **Cabo San Lucas:** Resort and beach resorting the southeastern tip of the Baja.

#### PACIFIC COAST

**Guaymas:** Known for clean diving, sea shells, the abundance of fresh clams and prime fish and superb recreation.

**Mazatlán:** Located on a peninsula jutting into the Pacific, this area is notable for sandy shores and year-round warm water. North Beach is a slender strip of white sand extending along Mazatlán's ocean front from downtown and is the largest beach. It caters primarily to the local population. Las Gaviotas and Playas Sibola and Camarón are located farther from the center of town, on the west side of the peninsula and are also frequented by tourists and dedicated surfers. The island beach of Venadito (across from Las Gaviotas) offers terrific evening beach parties and very calm, very clear waters. Yacht is another relaxing island beach offering long, flat stretches of sand, clear blue-green waters, shaded beach beds, and delectable fish snacks sold by roving beach vendors.

**San Blas:** An unspoiled port city not too far down the coast from Mazatlán, this town is one of the most idyllically first of tourist resorts. The surrounding lagoons are lined with coccin, papaya, banana and mango trees. Beautiful white beaches begin one mile south of town, and they are beautifully free of the party atmosphere that pervades better-known beach towns.

**Puerto Vallarta:** The real attraction at this renowned resort are such stellar beaches as the Playa del Sol at the south end of town. Las Palmas Beach, located just to the north (far quieter and less crowded). Chorrón Chino, on the far side of the airport across the toll bridge to Guadalupe and Las Brisas, a small reef beach to the south of town.

**Mismito:** An isolated paradise resort, accessible by boat or on 17½ miles along a remarkably good road from Puerto Vallarta. Situated at the base of Puntaje, palm-fringed cliffs, between clear green waters and thick clusters of tropical foliage, this beach was virtually unknown before it was found in a central location for the major sight of the granite. Turtle hawks provide popular nighttime activity on the beach, and small diver craft (both guided) can be rented during the day to explore the nearby lagoons.

**Yajalpa:** An hour drive the coast by land. This is another remote jungle beach village with vast, unspoiled stretches of sand.

**Mazatlán:** About halfway between

Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco. Once noted exclusive, the local beaches here are slowly being discovered by visitors. There's Olas Altas, on Serrano Bay; Playa de Oro, beyond the passadito, Copalito, a resort hidden 16 miles from town, and best of all, Las Pascuales, a few miles farther south from Mazatlán (no Route 100) an idyllic beach resort at the mouth of the Rio Amula.

**Zihuatanejo/Tehuacan:** The newest resort area, owned by government company, Zihuatanejo is a sleepy village halfway surrounded by mountains on the inner rim of a bay. Its lovely beaches include La Ropa, the largest and best for swimming. Playa Mujeres, a dark sand stretch that is a 15-min motor walk from the central square, and Las Gatas, located on the tip of the peninsula opposite the village, accessible only by boat, and flanked by palm, sand coral reefs. More sophisticated, Tehuacan has a total of 24 miles of beach front, including lots of good surf and breakers.

**Acapulco:** There's very little that's untouched around here. The afternoon beaches at Hornos and La Concha are probably the best of the four-day group. The great stretch at the Bulevar del Mar has some recent short, scenic bay houses a superb expense for vacation and horseback riding and the de la Cueva, 11 miles west of the city, has some of the most beautiful views anywhere. The coastline at Pu and Ranchadero is very dangerous, however, and the best advice is to watch and not swim.

**La Ventana:** 7 miles south of the little town of Salina Cruz, at Mexico's narrowest point. This is a beachcomber's paradise where the principal accommodations are here made of stretched out beach-thatched roof canopies. Though hardly speaking to the spoiled and pampered Acapulco crowd, it's a beautiful beach on the Pacific's Gulf of Tehuacan.

**Johnson of Tehuacan:** A virtually unexplored and certainly unspoiled stretch of beach. The sand is hot, the climate, humid and the accommodations, truly none. This is heaven for the sun-and-sea-lover both school of beach bums.

#### GULF OF MEXICO

**Baja de Chichén:** Some 32 miles north of Veracruz, this area boasts a wide beach with dark, volcanic sand. It is hardly a recognized tourist spot, but there are some adequate accommodations.

**Tuxtepec:** An enticing, palm-fringed beach located in Papimela country, north of Veracruz. Now just a few driving hours, it's showing signs of development, but retains a quiet pace to enjoy warm waters and a relaxed atmosphere.

**Vatucan:** This new resort stretch of dark sand in Mocimbo Beach, south of town, where you can hear rainbows and coral music and on the fish for which Veracruz is well known.

**Isle del Cuernavaca:** One of the Gulf's prime spots for beach lovers, where Bognos and El Playon are best.

#### CARIBBEAN COAST

**Isla Mujeres:** A small island located off Puerto Morelos with several sparkling-white, unspoiled beaches. Coen Beach is the main one, extending the entire southern end of the island. Playito Beach, on the Caribbean side, is good for sunbathing but dangerous for swimming. El Carrizalito, on the southern end of the island, is known for its crystal-clear waters and also diving. The journey to El Carrizalito by boat offers an advantage in itself—crew members catch fresh fish on route while you view swarms of tropical fish and turtles swimming free in the water below. Turtle riding here is very popular.

**Cancun:** Mexico City's new resort installation on the east coast. This is actually a 14-mile coastline in the midst of some of the best and most beautiful water in the world. Such public beaches as Playa Tortuga and Cien Morelos are popular for more and are the main attractions of this new resort.

**Cancun:** A formerly remote island off the coast of Quintana Roo, this island is fringed with powder white sand beaches, hidden coves, and surrounded by warm waters. The side of the island facing the mainland, also known as "hot row," has the more popular beaches, including San Francisco and San Juan. More deserted beaches can be found by following any one of a number of dirt roads. Chorro Beach, on the southern end of the Caribbean side, is protected from unpredictable, turbulent currents by a ledge of coral. Pasa Morelos Beach, on the northern end of the island, is accessible only by boat or Jeep.



#### SURFING

American surfers claim that Mexico's Pacific coastline—with its abundance of reef breaks, point breaks, and two-mach breaks—offers some of the best virgin surfing grounds in the world. Dedicated American surfers regularly travel up and down Mexico's Pacific coast to try the waves, although there is a dangerous increase in many areas as well as a clear lack of appreciation for surfers on the part of most Mexicans.

There is some surfing on the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean coasts, but the waves along Mexico's east shore are erratic at best. Local conditions, however, are found virtually all year on the Pacific side on the Baja, from Ensenada to the tip of Baja Sur, and on the "mainland," from Mazatlán to Puerto Escondido and south.

#### BAJA PENINSULA

The coast boasts hundreds of ideal surfing areas, but since many are local and



**The Contreras Banquet Club** was once Rancho Camero, property of the man who conquered Mexico. The club's chilled margaritas, decked with local limes and daises are a welcome reward after a hard swim in the resort's outside pool.

His Chetiva has been made (170.30) are at Herring, San Francisco, Bakers, Chicago, New Mexico, a few places, New York, Washington, St. Louis, New York, and New York.

especially rugged terrain, they are accessible only by four-wheel drive vehicles. The viewpoints that follow can be reached with somewhat less difficulty.

**Halfway House:** Located just about in the midpoint between Tijuana and Ensenada, where Baja's Route 1 snakes along the Pacific coast. This spot, at the bottom of a 100-foot cliff, is a Baja favorite. In spirit as stylish, unpretentious, hard-core California still exists here.

**Encuentro.** About 12 miles north of the city is San Miguel Trailer Park. Despite its name, population-wise, this is an excellent spot for expert surfers. The abundance of rocks and sea arches, however, makes it dangerous for beginners.

90 Rioeiro de Arribas South of Kowanda  
the area also known as Ponto Negro  
has excellent long right point waves in the  
summer only.

**Some Highlights:** This is a friendly fishing village with excellent waters for all surfers. Located about 9 miles off a dirt road from the Punta Prieta townoff, 30 miles south of Guadalupe. The amazingly relaxing atmosphere of the village adds significantly to the pleasure of the fine surfing. There are no hotels, so most surfers camp out on the beach and enjoy vast supplies of local fish.

## PACIFIC COAST

**Maui:** Some of the best surfing spots in North America. The beaches north of town—*Las Gaviotas*, *Canoe*, and *Sidewalk*—attract the most surfers. *Canoe Point* (at foot of the Hotel Fremont) and *Lopes Point* (1½ miles south of the Hotel Pugh, Maui) are particularly good spots, and the latter offers ideal waves for beginners. At the mouth of the harbor, just beyond Maui, there is an excellent spot for advanced surfers.

**San Blas** There is a wide-lung stretch of excellent right-point waves for beginners and experts, just south of the city, on the border of Manzanillo Bay. Just north of the bay, about a half mile on foot, there is a well-known area for advanced surfers called Sumner Point. South of San Blas is a small fishing village called Santa Cruz, a small community of American surfers thrives. The leftmost waves here are still

**Manzanillo:** Some of the best gumbos serving beaches in the world are located along the dirt road that runs 20 to 30 miles south of Manzanillo, Boca de Amaro, 2

males with 10 years' experience, power for water, though there are no accurate data available.

**Phy's Awa! in Petenque Bay** The stretch of warm coastal waters off Maui's most dangerous waves offers a unique ride to the largest in Hawaii. Although Petenque Bay provides a spectacular view point for ocean surfing, the area is noted for robberies and unpleasant relations between surfers and local fishermen. There are no accommodations and lifeguards from here south the waters have sharked, but the waves are worth a journey for advanced surfers.

**Acapulco Surfing**—This quickly growing resort has about 25 miles of white beach with rolling sand and pounding breakers. The waves along this stretch are matched in every level of surfing ability.

**Acapulco Surfing** is heralded by low on the surf, crowded beaches near town. Most surfers gather 2 miles south in the more varied Puerto Marques, especially since shark scares have frightened surfers away from the more impressive breakers along the Riviera.

**Puerto Rincón:** An up-and-coming winter center that has some of Mexico's most powerful waves. Great left point waves for beginners can be found almost any day, and a half mile south of town, where excellent beach breaks for advanced surfers rip along the shore just south of town. There is excellent surfing on virgin beaches to the north and south that can be reached only by boat or by sturdy four-wheel-drive vehicles.



## SAILING

Mexican and ordinary coast segments a full schedule of sailboat racing and regatta throughout the year. And it is a quest that Mexicans carry to great numbers along the Gulf Coastline and Pacific coast, as well as on numerous inland mountain lakes. For the dates of races, regattas, and other competitions (and for more, in need of material) write the Mexican Sailing Federation, Bldg. 36 Mexico City, D.F.

## DATA PRESENTATION

While most water sports are easily accessible to tourists visiting the Bay, sailing is a more price-sensitive activity dominated by those wealthy enough to own their own boats. On the tip of the peninsula, however, is Cabo San Lucas, a few of the luxury hotel mega-suites available to their guests. Yacht moorings along both Bay coasts, the Pacific, and the Sea of Cortez, are offered by Bay Expositions Inc., PO Box 3723 San Diego, California 92103 (714) 297-0004.

## PNEUMOCYSTIS

**Manheim:** The first destination point of the named Los Angeles to Manheim race Computations is in fact on a race in the Manheim Valley Club (Cereals and Cereals). Through private club doors have some free quick facilities available. Rentals are available up and down the beach and can be arranged directly or through any local agent.

**Puerto Vallarta:** A happy destination of many national residents. This beautiful coast—surrounded by miles of jungle—is perfect for reasonably accomplished and so. Boat rentals are available in numerous operations along the Manheim on the river, beach, and through the local bank.

**Manzanito:** Every two years, hundreds of sailing enthusiasts appear here for the conclusion of the San Diego-to-Manzanito International Race. The next one is scheduled for February 1980. The port also houses a large number of clinics, and re-

## CARRIE AN EAST

**Cancun:** The warm, clear water of the Noriega Laguna provides pleasant sailing that is protected from the often severe Caribbean winds and waves. Regattas are held in Cancun several times a year and boats can be rented at the Club Nautico.

**Carmel:** This tiny island is host to the annual San Isidro Regatta Boat Races, held late in May. Most participants come from Mexico or the United States, and

Though more cruises from Europe and South America are seen every year. The two yacht havens—Cabo Mujeres and Banderas Playa—offer the only sheltered harbors along Mexico's Caribbean coast that are protected from seasonal storms.

## ISLAND

**Lake Palomares** Located 6,707 feet above sea level, in the state of Michoacán. A very popular freshwater sailing resort. Boat rentals are arranged at the lake-side dock in the town. Gleanings to nearby islands—especially Janitzio—can be arranged here.

**Lake Tzucaguanique** This resort area south of Cuernavaca has a large lake of spring-fed water that's a favorite with Mexico City residents. Small boats are available for rental here.

The city of Chorrillos can be partly seen from the edge of the sand trap near the south hole of the Club de Golf. The ramparts of the Cathedral de San Francisco and the dome of Cortés's Palace rise from the town's cañón, or main square.

English-colored shirt (S1W) and pants (S1A) by Fred at B. Altman & Co., New York. Golf shirt (S2Z) by Foot-Lap, at pro golf shops everywhere. She wears Fred shirt with Ralph Lauren pants. Foot-Lap golf shirt lost by Madam, swapped by Jagger.



Maui beach was one of the most noted skin and scuba diving spots in the world. The rest coast is slightly preferred by experienced divers. The Caribbean side has clear, warm lagoons, and the eastern off Cozumel, Cancun, and Isla Mujeres areas



The tennis courts at the Camerona Resort Club are carved into the terraced hillside. The photo in an old brochure, now the clubhouse, overlooks the exhibition court where the fastest games are played.

Tennis club (219 95), shorts (\$25.95). Ten Older Peninsula shorts (\$27.95), are all by Adidas and are available at all authorized Adidas dealers. Milwaukee (843) are from Ray-Ban's Black Shading Collection. Her tennis shorts and shirt are by Ralph Lauren.

weak mercurial fish and coral deposits.

#### Baja Peninsula

The abundant beaches and lagoons along Baja's Pacific coast offer great scuba diving, but most of these areas are accessible only by small yachts. The water is very cold off the point beaches around Rosarito, and most divers wear rubber sores. The Pacific coast is generally, especially at Baja Sur, offers very low convenient places to get tanks filled. The Sea of Cortez coast however, offers better facilities.

**La Paz:** The La Paz Marine Diving Service at PO Box 133 offers a dandy-propelled kitesurfer with six manometers that can be rented for a one-day cruise to the islands in the Gulf of California.

#### PACIFIC COAST

**Guaymas:** Turbulent waters and rocky crabs make this an ideal diving spot. The International Blue Diving Service takes divers here in mid-July, and San Carlos Bay, 15 miles south of town, is a particularly popular diving area, as is Bacocho Bay, just 2 miles west. Small coral and a complex line of diverse corals are available for rent, and the Playa de Cortes also has fun with all kinds of diving gear.

**Mazatlán:** Not as good as some other areas but interesting for beginners. The best diving beaches are north of town and include Las Gaviotas, Camaron, Sahile, and Escudero.

**Puerto Vallarta:** There is good scuba diving if you go far enough out in where the waters are clear. San Anton, a group of eroded rocks in the Bay of Banderas, is a good spot.

**Mazatlán:** Look Las Huelas has top equipment and maintenance at the Club Mar, situated some 30 miles northeast on Playa Blanca.

**Zihuatango:** Lagoa A den and scuba diver's paradise. Zihuatango's shallow bay is perfect for scuba diving, as are the 24 miles of palm-lined beaches and coves in Lagoa. Los Gatos Beach on the south side of the bay, has an offshore coral reef and marine reserves, while the unpopulated island of Isla Grande has sandy-white beaches and very clear water.

**Acapulco:** Diving is still popular here, though the water may never again be as clear as they should be. It's not had for beginners, but experts have found here.

#### CARIBBEAN COAST

**Muscat:** A 10-mile-long, palm-fringed beach west of Cozumel and south of Cancun. The best diving locations are at the Hotel Villa Maya and Club Alamar. The local waters have 200-foot visibility and may near body temperature all year. At 30 to 100 feet, you can observe not only magnificent coral gardens and fish but also some rare, mackerels and sea turtles that are the remnants of shipwrecks during back to the nineteenth century.

Nearby Xal-hu Lagoon also boasts extensive mangrove scenery.

**Cancun:** Perfect for swimming and diving and coral reef, fish, and turtles. The waters change color from turquoise to red due to contact to limestone.

**Cozumel:** 17 miles off Mexico's Yucatan coast. This island is world famous for its exquisitely clear water and its proximity to the Palancar Reef 200 feet below the surface. This reef, the second largest in the world, is composed of brown black coral. Organized diving tours leave Cozumel every morning at 9 AM.

**Isla Mujeres:** This small, remote island off Puerto Jazur, at the tip of the Yucatan Peninsula, has world-renowned transparent waters, coral reefs, lagoons, and turtles. Greenham Beach, at the end of the 3.5-mile-long island, is especially renowned with brightly colored fish. Faras leave for the island from the mainland five times daily.



#### GOLF

Golf has had a slow start in Mexico. Most Mexicans merely shied at the prospect of tracing around landscaped fairways and continue to head for the local carnitas. The coming of tourism is changing all that. Now golf is an integral part of Mexico's sporting scene. In Mexico City, the first two top special advantages it permits normally short hitters to drive the ball farther down the green than they ever could on sea level.

#### GUAYMAS

San Carlos Country Club: Pete and Roy Dye designed a new championship layout that has just been completed. It's a fairly easy to gauge the quality of the layout, but the brothers Dye seldom create an odd first hole course.

#### ACAPULCO

Pierre Marques Golf Club: Now part of the Acapulco Princess enclave on the Rosales beach front. This is the longest and the best golf course in Mexico's west coast.

Acapulco Princess Golf Club: Shorter than its Pierre Marques neighbor but looks as if it's slightly superior.

#### CANCUN

Pick-a-Put Golf Course: A recent Robin Hood. Three lanes cross on that faces many of the major hotels along Cancun Beach.

#### MANZANILLO

El Palmar Golf Links (Los Huelas): The last time this hole is just about ready, but the course now is good enough to hold the attention of any golfer.

#### MEXICO CITY

Mexico City Country Club: One of the best night-hole course and a par three hole designed by George Broadman. It's no more for you in being proof of your U.S. club affiliation to gain access to what are usually private clubs.

Arroyo Golf Club: Two eighteen-hole courses designed by Larry Hughes. The club is about 20 miles outside of town on the Mexico City-Puebla highway.

Cortés Golf Club: An eighteen-hole course (plus two swimming pools) located about 30 miles north of Mexico City on the Puebla Expressway. Very crowded on weekends.

Chapultepec Golf Club: Eighteen holes located in the elegant Lomas section, near the racetrack.

Club Mexico: Two courses, one of eighteen holes and the other of nine. Both were designed by Larry Hughes.

#### CUTERNAVA

Los Toluques Golf Club: Percy Clifford designed this eighteen-hole course. You may present a card from a U.S. club.

#### GUADALAJARA

San Juaen Golf Club: Eighteen-hole courses designed by Larry Hughes.

Guadalupe Country Club: An eighteen-hole course open all year. Aulis Golf Club: Designed by Joe Finger (of Concord "Monster" fame). Players get a distance advantage because of the 5,500-foot altitude. The club is located in the village of Chapala, on Lake Chapala, 20 miles south of Guadalajara on Route 33.

#### VALLE DE BRAVO/LAKE AVANDARO

Avandaro Golf Club: Percy Clifford designed this relatively new eighteen-hole course located about 30 miles west of Mexico City at 6,000 feet. Nearby are Golf Mont Avandaro, Hotel Refugio del Salto, Mont Mansel, and Hotel Las Arces.



#### TENNIS

As with golf, the popularity of tennis is growing rapidly in Mexico, and almost all major resorts have tennis facilities. Acapulco, however, has the current tennis capital of Mexico, boasting nearly as many courts as the rest of the country combined. In addition to hard courts, there are a growing number of tennis clubs—often part of golf clubs—but none that courts is now open for a fee. The list below is composed of hotels and clubs known to have good tennis facilities. For more de-







# CARS

Short fiction, in which a young man inherits a '55 Chevy, a hell-bent friend, and his adulthood

by Ken Kuhlken

MY FIRST CAR WAS A '55 CHEVY, MINE WHEN MY FATHER DIED. Bongo's mother called both of us orphans. It was a harsh word as she said it, loaded with scenes of darker rooms and hard words. But we took it proudly, as though called to make our own stand.

I wedged two-by-fours in the shackles of the Chevy to give it a ride. I mounted wood for a shift knob, combed the junkyards for dual exhaust and glass-pack mufflers. I etched my name, *Swift Henry*, Bongo's version of *Henry Swift*, on the dash in glitter and Day-Glo. It was a car for sifting out of the school parking lot, for whipping the turn through the gate and burning rubber on the straight quarter mile to the drive-in. It was a car for runs to the desert on weekends, friends wedged four in back, three in front to share gas, with Bongo at shotgun leaning out into the wind.

The rings on the Chevy were thin, the bearings began to thump, and I fell for a newer model, a '62 Chevy with white porcelain paint, tack-and-roll seats, and a Road Runner decal on the window. Bongo said in a week I could choose from more girls than I'd dreamed. He found me a job at the station where he worked, said he'd help with the payments, and my mother resigned. I rubbed it out, gave it five coats of wax, detailed the chrome. I took up with Celia, a redhead, a judge's daughter. She wore white angora sweaters, hot around my neck, and her fingers tapped nervously on my chest as I drove. After midnight her father threatened and stormed my doors. I jacked the clutch and left her to choke.

*This is Ken Kuhlken's first appearance in a national magazine. He grew up in southern California.*

Photographs by *John M. Williams*

*It was a car for sifting out of the school parking lot, for 20 Chefs?*



model radio instead, and sat watching the streets from the window. He was a world of private matters. He left in a Pontiac wagon the day after we met at the Ministry in the evening in Arlington Center. He added the seats down and tossed in the pool from our Chrysler and a trash that he said he'd all owned. He claimed he'd drop the wagon at a rental office in Las Vegas and write me in a few weeks from the East Coast. Denied, I called him a loser at his pulled away.

I could see him between the legs of the news, on the grid above Barlowe bound fast for the Nevada line, the windows open and used in his eyes, whirling loud harmony to the radio, leaning over the wheel, watching the road for a thousand miles, seeing it all but the State. He that slipped his seat, jolted him through the windshield, played him in the same headlight beside a broken tree, his legs spread, his spine broken back.

I sat in my room, took my meals there, listened to the dead of my heart and the soft scrape of rain outside the closed drapes. Bongo couldn't speak and his legs were paralyzed, but he'd live. His mother called and told me no more, to see him and and checking the empty side of his eyes, and she called me to blame me because I taught him to drive, then left him to go alone. I left the phone ringing and went back to my room. My mother talked to me for hours in a monotone of sympathy, which grated my pride like a lock between the legs, and I had to run.

I picked a bedroll and a suitcase and dragged them to the innkeeper. I rode in a thousand cars through states I couldn't remember when I left them, working in secret jobs, calling home for money. I was attended by a sheriff, bottled and raised by a burned and her boyfriend, robbed while I slept at a bus stop. Bongo would be called me a fool. I looked far like always, rough and everywhere, in a stage of dozens as long as I was missing.

Back home, years older as the husband of my dreams, I went to his word. There were fat waves with rage on their cheeks, blind ideas growing, rank men peering the walls weedy, and Bongo fixed in the corner to his wheelchair. "Stand up, partner!" I whispered, "and I'll take you out of this place. There's a park down the street, girls wearing crazy rock-chasing dogs, old men, barking this way their voices." His neck twisted, he suffered his shoulders, so I turned him around. He was all there, his hair strangely shining, his nose and head from a light he had lost, his high cheeks still flushed and brown. He chewed a name rap on a stick. "I've been gone, Bongo," I whispered. "That's why I didn't come. Read I tell you about all these places, like Greece and Florida, the Cuban I rolled for war too."



RETA DIDN'T HAVE A CAR. SHE WAS REFINED AND old-fashioned, honest and kind in the way that she looked at the back of her head. I chose and the terror with which I regard. She seldom drove, took trips, or used taxis. We drove my Volkswagen to Yuma to be missed. We drove through all the meet in a clearing with motor homes and pickups taking drive buggies. Don't believe I could have my camp, around me tent lines, and upon whether up the line through the night, so in the morning the air was lit with brown. We found downriver on the shore before from a truck into, pecked and killed in the mud where

willows overhanging the shore. I told her I was innocent and unapologetic, from Bongo said made a man strong. We swore to make light of our differences.

Rita denied cars. She called them a menace, a corruption of taste, freedom and counterproductive. "You have to fight these needs, Henry," she told me, "and simplify your life." She wanted to live in an apartment above her uncle's workshop, where we could both work and were. But I fought with her uncle, so we moved in the suburbs. I traded the Volkswagen for a '79 Volvo with rope for a door lock and a radiator that boiled in five miles. I topped Liquid Wrench on the brake bolts, tapped them just so, then leaned on the fire with a socket-and-breaker bar. The bolt snapped, and I saw my knuckles against the radiator cover. I slammed a hole through the radiator, but the grille to chrome splatters, blinding the carmaker to deep inner field. Rita nodded as though she understood. In bed she told me we were all bound to change.

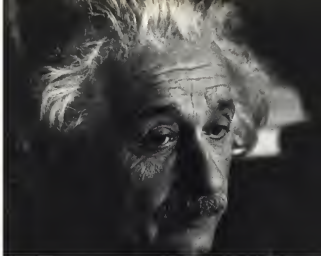


WE MANAGED A LOAN AND BOUGHT A NEWER MG. I learned to steer the fuel injection and found a garage to park it. Rita blamed the car that I was gone to every night, suspecting I was road racing in the hills or running slaloms in parking lots. But I was with friends in bars with male dancers and only used three and back, like the night I turned off in a vacant lot to live it in the dirt, that left it on a night angle turn, did through a ditch, and dropped the front end in a backward somersault. "God, Henry," Rita said. "You want to cause your own apocalypse?"

We collected insurance and moved back to the city. I worked overtime at a Chevron station, lived off Rita's nap, and saved all we could. I told Rita, "Bongo said a child comes out from his house to his neighborhood in his shoes, so he's country, to the world until he knows there all, then he owns down all and makes there what he is. If he stops he steps a child and on to nothing but a victim and protestant card."



I ARRANGED FOR A DRIVEWAY TO THE EAST Coast, a '70 Torino automatic, air-conditioned with power seats and a 425. Over recent southern highways it held the white like as true as an oath, and the only race to smooth we could've played domains on the glove box door. We dropped the Torino at a warehouse in New York and the car to the airport. I stumbled behind the driver, watching the jet fall from the sky. Their speed and their promise were terrifying.



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IN LUXEMBOURG, OUTSIDE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, we found a Volkswagen van with international plates and rust holes through the doors. We hopped through Germany and France and drove the coast of Spain, taking on riders to their cars and the first big campgrounds. Some told of Israel and the Palestinians, others boasted of how long they had traveled. Rita called them numbers, not sympathizers.



IN MOROCCO WE PARKED ON A BEACH IN A ROW of buses, support cars, and van taxis. Beside us was a '74 Renault that had driven from Apraxia in Indonesia, crossed to India and come overland to Belgium, and south I sat on the border with Les, the Australian, talking of places, money schemes, and vapor lock, while Rita and her friend walked a mile down the beach for shells and pebbles. In the evenings Les and I ran the Renault to the next camp for fuel and repairs.

In the salt air, Rita spent like fungus on the bus. Rita and we should stay and let it rot, but I held firm, so we took it inland to Marrakech. Rita raised her neck and said she was lonely. Offended, I left her alone, wandered in alleys, bought cast nutmegs in the bazaar, touched out payments in tin shops. Rita called me greenback, but I denied it. She called us unrecognizable, and I agreed. She could see tell while I had to move, she wanted to lounge in bed while I passed through like a freight at a mail stop, she was kind and I was fast tempered, she was a cheerleader and I was a man of dry facts.



I DEALT US A THREE-WAY TRADE THAT GAVE US A Land Rover, gave the Land Rover owners two camels and the camel owner our bus. I followed the camels to the foothills of the Atlas Mountains, then turned back and crossed the fence of the East Rover leaving a gully. No visitors in Marrakech, Algiers, Constantine, or Tunis could bend the frame for good, so I swapped for the first time in Sicily, breaking the transom into windows and leaving us pinned to an intersection. We dropped the plates in the Street of Marseilles.

In Athens I found a deal on a Fiat and a job running Volkswagen. During the days Rita explored the ruins and museums, and on the weekends we drove up the coast past Marathon and as far as Delphi. Rita wanted to stop at every pile of rubble. I found high ground and looked east. "Diago told me about the wars with the Trojans," I said, "who lived out that way across the Aegean Sea. Soldiers marched for weeks or stopped over in palaces. The

Greeks were a restless gang." Rita held me from behind. "They were only soldiers," she said. "You're a romantic. Henry, and sometimes stupid." She loved the Monastiraki near where we lived, the Acropolis view, the peddlars, baklawaes, and Makedoff artists. She would've stayed behind if she hadn't been pregnant.

We sold the Fiat in Luxembourg and caught a driveway home from New York. Rita steps across the Great Plains, cradling her belly. At home we bought a '65 Datsun, traded up for a Ford Corvair, then a '70 Dodge van with a bed and a better stove. When Nico was born and world's sleep, I drove her on the circle of freeways around our city, watched her cooking beside me above the front wheels, told her stories as if she could understand and sang her lullabies. When I parked at our house she woke up.

Rita refused to work at first, but our bills overwhelmed her. There were payments on the van, on the house she wanted for Nico, on toys and blankets, on a piano and a pool machine. I argued it wasn't my fault, but the stress, the books and inflation. I said we could sell it all and live well in Mexico. She called me unrecognizable, unrecognizable. She held Nico like into the night and cried too often when the bed to go. We found a child-care center just off the freeway.

We saved for the summer and drove on a vacation to the northwest. When Nico fussed I propped her on my lap between myself and the steering wheel. Rita called it dangerous, but I held firm and Nico got her way. In campgrounds the car wild on her strong bowed legs, making friends while I followed behind and Rita watched from the van. I took Nico on a raft in the Klamath River while Rita watched from the shore. Rita said I didn't talk much, it seemed there was nothing new to say, but we covered a lot of ground, Washington, Oregon, Idaho.

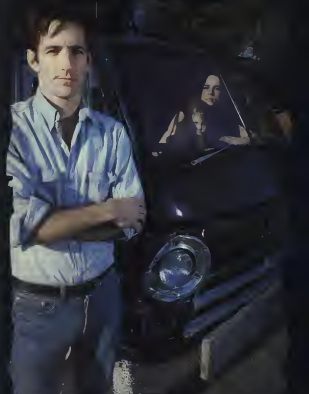
I hadn't seen Bingo in more than two years. I rehearsed outside the seminary. "Bingo," I'd say, "I've tried, like you coached me, to keep the world off-balance, to spin around it and spin, to live with the times though they're not what we'd expect, but it's hard. Rita calls me a boy and she's turned spiteful. But I've career history when any child room seemed grand comfort compared to the designer of putting me first before the altar, when the business mugging, the endless silence, seemed better than moving. I've passed the days when a man would run back to a home he despised, lie down with a woman whose screams have scarred her eyes, who has given him everything and left him with nothing to give. I'll find a car that jumps off the line, a freewheel overhead cam with manual glow and wheels that can whip a U-turn in a driveway. I'll never stop driving. Bingo no matter how fast the road."

Inside, the windows were shaded, the rooms in twilight and the hallway in darkness. I finished from hands that grabbed up arms, screwed up my nostrils to answer I brought whiskey as came to state their case. At the end of the bed was no outside door, then a locked gate on a high stone lower toward a playground. There were basketball hoops, jungle bars, and Bingo in his wheelchair.

His legs were withered thin, but his arms and shoulders were massive. He was opening legs along the fence, striking the basketball poles, pumping as if he were running scared. "Bingo!" I shouted. "It's me, Swill, Henry!" Rita he only picked up speed. "You can watch me have new with no rigors except Nico. But fathers are a heavy these days. It's a world of orphans." He sagged his chair and slanted the fence at my knees. He was as thin as our sons, but his hair was short to white and receding. He rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands, and kept them there. "Skull I tell you about a riposte?" I wheezed. "I'll try for a job at an airport and fly the line. Up there you can't feel the speed."

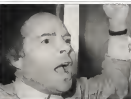
His head cocked sideways, then he turned away as if pulled by invisible, like a child's penny in a playland. I looked to God. Rita was there, to hold me. //

Right: They didn't talk much, but they covered a lot of ground.





## Roots's second hundred years were harder to dramatize. Gone were the whips and chains, the Klan, the swelling bosoms.



"Till the lions go to glory," yelled Stoddard. He knew that once Keanu Reeves reached America, Roots would be okay.

But says, "You're an American." Stoddard becomes incensed. "It's terrible. You got such a feeling of pride. I think there's a need for it. And what seems to irritate Americans most are Americans. A musician about the French Revolution wouldn't do it. In America, you got out of Africa in that you could. I kept yelling at everyone, 'Get him to Annapolis. I don't care how. Tell the boss to go faster, get on more stuff. I know that as soon as we got Keanu Keanu to America we would be okay."

The decision to do *Roots*. The *New Generation* was not made in haste. Neither Stoddard nor Wolper nor executive producer Sam Margulies planned to do a sequel, which is why they said Alex Haley came on in the end of *Roots* and gave a three-minute summary of what happened to his family. It was Alex Haley who wanted to finish his story although in his book, only the last forty-one pages were devoted to the most generous and you can't have a summary on forty-one pages. But Haley had a handful of boxes of research and documents, and he was prepared to write 1,000 pages. There was still more to tell. Wolper and Margulies met with Stoddard and to very loud strikes left him of the second hundred years. A final new track.

"We had real problems that time around," says Stoddard. "Basically we didn't have the hold in the show, we didn't have the whips and chains and not going out of it. We didn't have the swelling bosoms on the plantation. We didn't have any real heroine like the *Klan* Klan. All the very dramatic elements from which to work were missing in the second hundred years. But we also had a tremendous opportunity. *Roots* was a voluntary production, but in *Roots II* we have one of a human drama. In the first two hours of *Roots II*, there is almost no action or violence, but the human drama is strong."

### THE BUSINESS OF CONFRONTATION

Reveals Stoddard does not look like a powerful ruler today. He is short, a few inches over five feet, has little choppy black and distinguished gray hair, though he is only forty-one. He arrived in his office at 9:02 a.m. Other leaving two men in the CLEA (which, incidentally, is a word for a line, while more pronounced short, and still call him). He makes the overnight train, as his secretary, Debbie Phillips, brings him a cup of coffee. The quest doesn't last for long. Roy Taylor, vice president, current drama

in progress and memorize, while he head into Stoddard's office. There is trouble with one of ABC's new series and Taylor has a meeting later in the day with his producer.

"The show goes nowhere," says Stoddard sitting behind his desk. "There's no confrontation to edge. The character has turned into a weak class. It needs a lot of help. Stoddard returns from memory dialogue from a script to discuss his point. "You're right," says Taylor. "I hope we can straighten this out this afternoon."

9:27 Stoddard has a meeting with Larry Sullivan, head of on-air promotion, Denise Gagliano, director, creative services. Seymour Altman, executive vice president, and Gus Lucas, TV executive. This is a strategy session on how best to promote their ABC series. Stoddard just sits up from behind his desk, moves to the front and sees in it. Sullivan puts a cassette on the machine. Five- and six-second promo shots are screened.

"That sort of the movie *Crash* doesn't work," says Stoddard. "We are doing this movie because it is an action picture. Right now. But we have to show why this one is different from all the other airplane movies." The spots roll by. "The harder thing about *Wings to Peak Up Gals*," he says, "is not to make a look like a leaving us comedy. We've got to get the spot rejected. The five spots are out, but the concept isn't clear. I have to ask what's going on, what the message is."

Sullivan puts on the third cassette. This is a movie that Stoddard is particularly proud of. It is called *A Question of Love*, starring Gene Hackman and Jane Alexander. He sighs. "A two-hour movie, and we're going to sell it in five seconds."

10:00 Stoddard has been told that an episode of an ongoing series is in trouble. Cliff Arberg, vice president, domestic distribution, says Stoddard is the wrong man. The lights go down and Stoddard slumps in his seat. The lights go up and Stoddard says to Albany. "The character of the series," says Stoddard, "is awful. I wanted her to die. We have to keep the series completely. He just wants the most readings of all times. Does he want anything but that and what's the story?"

"Well," says Albany, "I think you can fix it up." Says Stoddard, "We have two million dollars in this series of construction we started with the subplot. That is ridiculous. We have to start with the movie. And you have to do it. I don't know. It is not crowded. You've got to care about these people. And that's the only way to get it. It's not crowded. 'You're it.' He gives Albany his notes and walks back to his office.

11:50 Paula says Stoddard had a lot of the phone calls that have come in. Glen Larson called. He is the producer of ABC's expensive series *Ben-Hur*. Larson's producer Stoddard started the beginning of the series. Larson's call. He goes up from his desk and walks around. Stoddard's phone line is stretched from many similar conversations. "In the past good said," says Larson. "The dog gets better and then the dog. Don't give me a word!" He hangs up.

"Your car is stuck in traffic," says Stoddard. "American Airlines. I don't know your checkbook. And you can tell me that." "I cannot believe that," says Stoddard. Actually, he just brought a new Jaguar, drove it thirty-three miles, and it died.

12:10 Alvin Jaffe, vice-president of production with ABC. Jaffe calls, says he has brought the budget breakdown on a movie that Stoddard wants to do with Mark Thomas.

"They're talking about twenty-two days shooting in New York," says Jaffe.

"What's the budget?" asks Stoddard.

Says Jaffe, "50 million."

"Don't know how we can do it," says Stoddard, shaking his head. "It's a pretty big movie."

"What's the show," says Jaffe. "It's not that big a show."

"It's a show that reflects the style of the past of the past," says Stoddard.

12:45 Paula brings Stoddard the mail. He reports several rejections. Says Jaffe, "I don't know how we can do it."

Stoddard turns off the lights of his office. Paul Davis, senior vice president in charge of talent. Davis, how's your job? Can you meet with me this afternoon at two-thirty? Yeah, it's going

"It was a mystical experience," says Stoddard of *Roots*. "Something that just doesn't happen on *Starsky and Hutch*."



The set where Alex Haley stands with George Stoddard. It is a recreation of *Roots*. The set on ABC 32 is online.

super money." He returns more calm. "I'm trying to get you an answer," says Stoddard to an agent. "I guarantee you'll have one today. Hang in there." He talks to the producer of the trouble one episode he screened this morning. Stoddard can be tough. "Nobody gives a damn about the actor character," says Stoddard. "We go to be hauled with you—I hated her. The opening scene is awful. We could do some pickups. Move everything forward. I know you can make it at least twenty percent better."

12:15 Leonard Hill, vice president for motion pictures, walks into Stoddard's office. He has just arrived from Foxboro, where an ABC movie is being filmed. "It was awful," says Hill. "This morning is a joy to be working and there was a lock down in the studio. What a very sorry place."

"How is it looking," asks Stoddard.

"It is not over budget," says Hill. "We will end up with a temporary release show."

What are your plans? asks Stoddard.

I don't know," says Hill. "I haven't looked in my book." Paula goes to Hill's office to check his book.

I know this is unusual," says Stoddard, "but a script has come in and I want you to read this movie."

Read it," says Hill. "I can't read. Can I do it tonight?"

I promised them in twenty-four," says Stoddard. The phone rings. Stoddard looks at Hill with a big smile. "You were wrong about this *Roots*."

"One of the six pictures of my life," says Hill. The two discuss a film he produced.

"The numbers were huge," says Hill. "I was told that the picture, says Hill to Stoddard, "but she is going to be great."

She needs to be very pretty," says Stoddard.

"Read it," says Hill. "A perfect for the part." Hill laughs. "I know you want to do. Escape from Midland's Navy."

"I was right about *Escape from Midland's Navy*," says Stoddard. "The numbers were huge."

"I called him," says Hill. "and I said I wanted to put these pictures off the ground."

"We have to move this," says Stoddard, seriously.

I know, Stoddard," says Hill. "I called him and said let's meet on mental. That's the inside of her, and classic these things. He wanted that."

"We have to move this," says Stoddard.

### THE SNOW WHO LOVED SHOW BIZ

1:30 Paula brings Stoddard a *Roots* schedule and read to. He sits in his chair at his desk. "I have the best job for me as television," he says. He looks at the schedule. "I don't want to be a lawyer. My family goes back for generations of lawyers and he grew up very privileged in Southern. Conscience, a happy life rich with education by doctors, bankers and, of course, lawyers. He went to Berkeley, in Yale, for a brief time, he attended Columbia law school.

At Berkeley, Stoddard found the drama school, but he became involved in the drama school as an undergraduate at Yale. "I don't know how I got through Yale," he says. "I did twelve plays in four years. The drama school was one of the greatest experiences of my life. It taught me professional life. If you didn't show up for a rehearsal on time, you were out."

It was during three years that Stoddard was developing the screenplay. He would live up to this. On the one hand Stoddard is upper class, a WASP, a snob. On the other hand, he loves show biz. "I enjoyed working on a set but I didn't quite like it, even the people too much. They were too crazy, too nervous, too off the wall for me. Stoddard I thought my best friend. I would go to New York and spend my time on all Broadway and in Greenwich Village. I tried to be something. I would meet successful writers, but then I realized that I will have on my classmate. I wanted to combine me with being a graduate. My friends out here have talking to me with television. They're all trying to get into the business."

At Columbia, Stoddard found the study of law "unbearably boring." His show biz imagination kept intruding. "I'd miss all the tests. I would see where the little bug fell into the vat of sulfuric acid, and I would see all the shows, where the close-ups would be. I would study about all the cases." Stoddard found a job at HBO, in the days when it was called home satellite television programming. "I would do all the studies, make up all the charts, figure out who the audience was, and then I would make all these presentations. I was treated like to present an idea. To this day I can sit down and do a five-page presentation like that," he says his friend.

In 1982, he moved to Los Angeles, and by the time he was thirty-one, he was head of programming. Three weeks after the promotion, he panicked. He had what he had worked so hard for but he was bored. When he finally made the move to television and ABC, he became a director of daytime programming, eventually working for Michael Eisner, now head of Paramount. Stoddard developed a new show, *20/20*, sports, and children's programs while supervising ongoing shows. Under Eisner and Stoddard, ABC daytime was not much more than a number one.

One more promotion, a move to Los Angeles—and that was that. Says Stoddard, "Roots had a force and energy all its own. It was unlike any experience I have ever been involved in." Stoddard seems embarrassed. "I am not a spiritual person, but this was a mystical experience. Something happened on that project that you don't happen on *Roots* and *Ally*."

Says Leonard Goldberg, "In retrospect, people say, 'Alex, a whole new way of thinking about the show. Alex could have put it exactly between twelve hours of a movie drama. And there were all sorts of people at ABC. I was up to my eyes in their thoughts. It would work and why."

1:45 Stoddard places a call to his daughters in New York. He has been divorced for five years. The line is long. "I can get everyone in the world in the show. I can get my phone. He makes a call from ABC producer David Wolper. Stoddard wants to know "David, you and I have just a day and a half on the show. It is ridiculous. I won't have you go out over 55,000. I will get a free. My God, David, we've spent millions. I know *Roots* is a wonder house."

ABC Stoddard finally gets through to his daughter. "Allyssa, this is a school. A comparison on someone in your family you do know very well? That's *Roots*, you know?" Paula. "My new car? I don't know you told me to buy a BMW. No. I will not



## It is Stoddard's ass on the line and never more than right now. Can he score big again? Stoddard is confident, despite problems.

buy a Cadillac." Phoebe: "He broke. Did you see the limo drop?" Well, on *Eight Is Enough* he had to get married because he had all three kids. You think Betty Buckley is cool?"

2:45: Pam Deane arrives. They talk about a pilot. "I would miss the girl," says Deane.

"The producer won't do that," says Stoddard.

Then: "I would release the opening scene," says Deane. "She doesn't photograph well. When we first met her, she doesn't look pretty."

"You're right," says Stoddard, smiling a note.

3:15: Pauline picks a memo from Executive Standards on Stoddard's desk. The cover is referring to a scene between Eisenhower and Key Summerby in 1952. Stoddard reads the memo and becomes orange. He calls Baker Shapiro, vice-president for novels, for advice. "Nothing is to be removed from this show. Do nothing and you won't lose time."

3:30: Len Hill arrives. He wanted lunch with Rhonda, but he did read the script. "Well," says Stoddard, "what do you think?" "He writes good dialogue," says Hill. "But you know I am prejudiced about this project. I don't think I should have gone with the other book. I feel it was wrong to do this, then we should do it. I don't want that to be a rip-off."

"I don't think it's a rip-off," says Stoddard.

"I don't agree," says Hill.

"Why do you think it's a rip-off?" asks Stoddard. "What would you have done differently if you were the main character? How would you have behaved differently?"

"Brenden," says Hill, "you're asking me three different questions."

"I," says Stoddard. "Think it deals with what are the proper lines of exploitation."

"I," says Hill, "think we have failed to develop the key theme, public exploitation. I think this would make a great three-hour *Law & Order*."

"I disagree," says Stoddard. "I have never seen this on television before."

"I disagree," says Hill.

"We disagree," says Stoddard. "Okay," continues Stoddard. "I said four blackboards for next year." Hill opens a book the size of the Manhattan phone directory. People would pay a lot of money to get hold of this book. It contains all of ABC's speaking names. "Anyone ever talk to you about your budget?" asks Stoddard, looking at the book. "I have never seen so many names as development."

Hill starts flipping pages, reading off projects. "No," says Stoddard. "That's a good show show, not an event. I'm looking for events."

"How about this?" says Hill.

"Fanny," says Stoddard, "but not an event. How are you going to do that, anyway?"

"Fanny," says Hill.

"I hate Fanny," says Stoddard.

"They worked only in *Conan O'Brien*," says Hill.

"That was a joke," says Stoddard.

"How about this?" says Hill, still flipping through the pages.

"Good concept," says Stoddard, "but for Friday night. It's a good story-line show. Look," he continues, "I think you're in good shape in the thirty-second show area. Is any opinion you have three blackboards and next two more?"

3:50: The phone rings. Stoddard looks serious. "I was angry with the producer's behavior," he says to the caller. "It wouldn't have been blackboard. I would never do that. I hope he works here

again. But I have to be honest with you. I was disappointed in his control. He was slow, and he made offers without the approval of his boss. He has the greatest credits in town. I just don't think he lives up to them."

3:50: Chastain arrives. Another new show is in trouble, and Stoddard looks at the dates. Does your boss? "They cut his hair," says Deane about the war. "and they fixed his eyebrows. He looks much better."

"They shouldn't shave him from the side," says Stoddard, studying the screen. "He doesn't have such a great nose. He should be shaved full face. God, he has nervous eyes. The costumes are good." Phoebe: "That was a bitch can act."

### TAKING THE CHANCES

5:00: Pauline brings Stoddard a glass of white wine. He studies the growing list of hourly forty phone calls and relaxes. Sipping his wine, Brendon Stoddard is hardly the picture of a "cultural chameleon," as one producer called him. Stoddard, of course, has his detractors. One writer recalls a meeting with Stoddard where he was trying to sell him on *Adia* and "it Stoddard could say was, 'If we can't get this down to two lines for 22 Good, forget it.' But most people call David Field a senior vice president of United Artists who used to work for Stoddard. "Brendon can convey emotion. He is good at inspiring people to work hard," says Leonard Goldberg. "I told Wendon that a lot of the creative people in town were turned off by some of the people he has working for him. Brendon's way of dealing with that was to generally call the creative people and smooth things out. I keep telling him that it's his own fault on the line."

But warns Michael Eisner, "To be a good network executive, you have to be organized, slightly mean, willing to take chances, playful with people creative and smart. Brendon has enough of those qualities to be a better network executive than most, in fact about the best in the business."

"He has a thick skin, just," says Goldberg. "He has had many offers. But he always says no. I want him to come work with me. But you know what it is? Brendon is an eastern Jew. He loves wearing ties. He loves corporations. I told him that if he came to work with me he could still wear his suits and ties and everyone would know he came from the East and went to Yale. I told him we would even play *Brillig* Ball."

3:15: The phone rings. It's Tony Thompson, president of ABC and Stoddard's boss. They plan an 8:30 breakfast meeting at the Hotel Bel Air. Stoddard finishes his wine and walks to his car, which has just been delivered from the garage. Goldberg is right. It is Stoddard's job on the line and never more than right now. Can he score big again? Stoddard is confident. Sam Margolin is confident. David Wolper is producing a rocky show.

But there have been problems in producing *Roots: The New Generations*. A screenplay was written that took place right after the family settled in Henric, Tennessee. But a few days work it had the feeling of belonging to *Roots I*, and Stoddard felt it was important to indicate that this was new material, a new story. The screenplay was scrapped, and what was originally to be the second show became the first. *Roots II* will cover Haley's family from 1862 ending with author Haley setting foot in the African village of Juffere, where his great-great-great-grandfather, Kunta Kinte, was captured and taken as a slave two hundred years before.

Ten months before the scripts were cracked, consensus began on the town of Henric, Tennessee. It would become the single largest, most costly set ever built in the history of television. Located on the Shiloh road in Annapolis Valley, the town had to resemble Henric as it looked in 1862 and had to be built in only six weeks. Eleven lights were introduced, streets paved, and horse and buggy stables turned to gas stations. The town of Henric, Tennessee, cost a million and a half dollars.

The single biggest production headache was trying to locate Pauline. The script called for her to be disappointed. In disappointment two pregnant day Annapolis, there were said to be some deer. Pauline, transported to the Annapolis Valley, and unknown. Then



From *Roots II*, director David Wolper and producer (left) Pauline, (right) George Lincoln Rockwell, conferring in a meeting.

like Pauline sales were stuck onto the train.

But Wolper drove there a loop when he refused to accept his role as Chastain. He told David Wolper that he left *Roots II* was a rip-off and he wanted to join it—although Wolper was in to do a television special called *Don't Forget—My Roots* and down in Chastain's production in his neighborhood.

From Martin Brando wanted a piece of the action and called Haley. He was cast as George Lincoln Rockwell, but put in case the mercenary actor didn't show, Wolper cast someone else for the same role. According to director John Ermar, Brando not only showed but on the day of shooting, arrived early and with only a few seconds that the chair he was to sit in he told the writer, "I'm going to film out tomorrow night and then I'll be back to be

made (he refused to memorize lines).

And that was that movie Haley Copeland business. Harold Combs charged Haley with copyright infringement, accusing Haley of plagiarizing portions of his book. *The African*. Although the dispute was settled out of court, Haley paid up hundreds of thousands of dollars, seriously damaging the credibility of *Roots*. Stoddard is not too concerned. *Roots II* he points out, is primarily about Haley's life, not his ancestors. But ABC is adjusting its promotion.

Regardless of the outcome, Stoddard promises that is the end of *Roots*. So does Haley. So does Sam Margolin. So does David Wolper. Four years is enough. It has been a long day. Stoddard gets into his car and turns the key. It starts—just barely.

# If You Are Highly Sexed, Achievement Oriented, And a Wine Connoisseur, This May Be Your Disease

The agonies and ecstasies of gout

by Rafael Steinberg

**Y**ou wake up one morning with a vague sense of unease. Everything seems normal—until you move. And then, brother, you scream. A distant creak is the sliding of the base of your leg as you shift your legs to the floor and the whole foot throbs in agony. Wondering how you broke your toe, you imprint your doctor's office and get the news, as if it's a few years ago: No broken bones, any blood, it's the gout.

Yes, gout, the carconer's delight. Even in this age of antibiotics and computerized body scanning and genetic engineering, about a million of us in America suffer from the same complaint that next generations of glutamates scientists believe to their day charts to prop up their handiwork on footnotes. In fact, if you are a wine connoisseur, urban dweller—75 percent of all gout victims are men—subjected to the stresses of a career and the excesses of social change, if you like to eat and drink and forego, you too may wake up one morning with a demon on your toe.

Rafael Steinberg is a writer who lives in New York City.

In the past, gout crippled its victims for months at a time—and often changed the course of history. William Pitt the Elder, great minister of England, tried to keep peace with the American colonies, but his gout (and other ailments) frequently kept him away from Parliament; it was during these absences that Parliament passed the Stamp Act and the duty on tea that led to the Boston Tea Party and the American Revolution.

Fortunately, no one need be disabled by gout today. About 140 years ago, just one year to help Pitt, European doctors rediscovered an old gout remedy called colchicine. Extracted from a crocus-like plant, colchicine was known to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians as a purgative that eased the pain of gout—and also as an emperor's poison that caused violent nausea, diarrhea, and death in controlled doses it can suppress an attack of gout in twenty-four hours. Colchicine drugs can prevent some attacks altogether if taken regularly.

Besides, there is "low-purine diet" for some victims, as Thomas Sydenham, a 17th-century-English doctor, noted: "Gout, as far as any other disease, derives more rich men than poor; more who men than boys." Among the wise men were Charles VIII, Katharine, Luther, Milton, Goethe, Cromwell, Galileo, Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Theodore Roosevelt, and John F. Kennedy.

The connection between gout and promiscuity is so striking that the psychol-

ogist Sigmund Freud, speaking in 1937 that "it may be that the gouty person acts as a real stimulus to intellectual activity and a real aid to intellectual achievement." It is not proved that wine used sexually stimulates the brain, but in the past doctors' prescriptions have fine-d that wine with high potassium blood contains high levels of uric acid—the "gouty poison"—and some likely to be leaders and scholars. Gout is often triggered by stress, as Dr. Jack Katz of New York's Montefiore Hospital has proved: The next employee with high uric acid just got, so something more is at work.

Everybody has some uric acid in his system; it comes from the normal breakdown and reconstruction of body cells and from foods such as wine, liver, sweetbreads, and some shellfish. Due to abnormal flows at metabolism about one person out of twenty produces too much uric acid or excretes too little or both. The cause is not necessarily—and suddenly—organismal in the past, usually the big toe. When the white blood cells rush to attack the crystals, as they would attack an invading germ, a complicated chemical reaction dissolves the white blood cells themselves. Expressions from the disintegrating cells flood into the joint, causing the inflammation and pain of gout.

What makes gouty persons special? Are they temper or more driven than anyone else? And what, they ask, is they horrible about as angry, did they do to do serve this attack? Benjamin Franklin, in his



essay "Dialogue Between the Gout and Mr. Franklin," asks his "enemy" gout that question and Gout replies: "You have not been drunk too freely and too much as diluted these legs of yours in their sedentary life." Generations of physicians and philosophers have held that gout could be caused by rising and drinking too much and carrying too little. An English doctor suggested that the best cure for gout would be to "live as temperate a dog—and eat it."

Modern doctors note that glutamates alone will not cause gout. First, they say, uric acid is only a fraction of the uric acid in the blood of the gout. The taste goes for alcohol; it speeds the excretion of uric acid, but it won't cause gout without the metabolic flaw. Therefore instead of putting their gouty patients on a strict diet, most doctors prefer to prevent gout by prescribing a lifetime program of drugs such as probenecid, which helps the body get rid of uric acid, or allopurinol, which cuts down the production of uric acid.

Nevertheless, the ancient ways are so powerful. Eating too much of the wrong foods can trigger an acute attack of gout in a susceptible person by nudging the uric acid up to the point where crystals form. Likewise a post-prandial surge in uric acid too much weight or who gets little exercise is just sitting for months.

There is another ancient belief about gout, which the modern medical profession has been strangely reluctant to explore. That is the obvious connection between

gout and sex. Hippocrates, the Greek father of medicine, first noted the link: "Especially do not take gout," he wrote, and "if women do not take the gout often her uterus is stopped. A young man does not take the gout until he indulges in coitus." Those observations are regarded as generally true—but not Hippocrates's suggestion that too much sexual activity could bring on gout. Seventeenth-century doctors warned that "venery" and "luxury" could cause gout, and so late as the eighteenth century, marriage was seriously offered as a cure for chronic cases. Gouty men, Sydenham wrote, have brought their condition upon themselves "by a too early or excessive use of venery, by the heat and continued press they take to gratify their passions."

All this may not be quite as farfetched as it sounds. After my first gout attack my doctor started me off on the daily probenecid route. To my shame, the drug clearly and sharply weakened my desire and as potency for sex. When I stopped taking it my normal appetite and sexual normal level of libido is not lost by drug manipulation as one of the worst possible side effects of probenecid, and most doctors refuse to credit my evidence. Nevertheless, I prefer an occasional twinge of gout—easily quelled with colchicine—to a lifetime of diminished sex drive. So I say off probenecid and manage to limit my gout to one or two mild attacks a year by watching my diet and exercising.

My own experience may be an isolated case, but there is fascinating evidence that

gout is linked to sex, as the ancient believed, and to the male hormone testosterone. There is an overwhelming preponderance of cases in the ranks of the gouty and women usually get gout only after menopause, when their hormonal balance shifts. Furthermore, in most men testosterone levels rise in the early morning (the reason for those dreams about—and that's when gout mostly strikes).

But since coitus is at all in the research of Dr. David Weissman of the New York University School of Medicine, Dr. Weissman traced the chemical process in which the white blood cells are destroyed by uric acid crystals—the process that causes the inflammation and pain of acute gout. He found that in the last three chemical steps only males place in the presence of the male hormone.

Does this mean that the ancient was right about luxury and gout? "There may be something to that," Dr. Weissman concludes. "It is pretty well established that those afflicted with blood levels of testosterone. And it tends to be that the male hormone is required for the expression of gout. Both statements are correct, but whether they are causally related is unclear at the present time."

A lot about gout is still unclear. Another, overeating stress, sex drive—all have something to do with gout. If you're sophisticated and competitive, you may very well have inherited the acid fast flaw. And if you are also subject to bad and society watch out. —

## The Right Stuff

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These piano-handled nail knives have retractable blades with twelve sharp, perforated sections, each of which snaps off when used up. The five-inch long knives come in red, orange, blue, green, gray, with black pocket clips. Order them from Mastlman Ad Hoc Hardware, 842 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, for \$2.79 each (plus \$1 handling).



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by Nancy Klein and Anita Leclerc

### On Your Back

Developed by a Chacoan acupuncturist, the MA-ruler is a fifteen-inch-long carved piece of rock maple that is supposed to relieve tension and improve circulation. To use, lie on a flat surface and follow instructions to roll it under your back. From Great Earth Healing, 440 Elm St., Manchester, N.H. 07802. \$19.95 postpaid.



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## WHAT "STICKER PRICES" REALLY MEAN

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**General Motors**  
People building transportation  
to serve people

### A Day in the Life

## Cyra McFadden

Moment to moment with the author of *The Serial*, who's made the scene but isn't exactly *into* L.A.

I've been living in Los Angeles since the first of September, having come organically to the subject of the *Abolish KKK* essay, the number two paper in town. They are struggling desperately to get readable, and they somehow don't hold of the notion that making me one of their writers in residence for a while would reach that goal. I'm not sure how much of this is a noble experiment worked out from their perspective, but I believe for a fact that it ended up giving a list of Los Angeles very trained with me. I know that because I'm the one who read the last one. They don't hate me because I attacked Los Angeles in my column—that would have been too easy. What I wrote up was the "Abolish KKK" and the proposition of the readers of that paper just seemed to loathe my attitudes on general.

After my stay there, I was good and ready to go back home to Mono County. I was concentrating on weekends to see my family, and I was sick of it. But the very day I finished the job at the paper, I met a television producer, a guy who informed me that he and his colleagues were looking for a woman to occupy what they call "an on-foot vacancy" on a videotape comedy they were doing. I saw the pilot and I told them, quite honestly, that I

I thought many things were drastically wrong and I was depressed. By the time I got home to Mid Valley, my message machine was jumping off the desk, and pretty soon the producers were talking numbers that indicated they were running off money as a small press in the back room. I decided I might not be so awful useless on a TV show, after all.

**W**hen I first arrived in L.A., I stayed at The Montecito Hotel, which in a sorry old remnant of the Thirties, still held glory. It was full of people who bled at the heels, and me. I felt very safe there these every long I went down the stairs, the police was coming up. The Montecito has great high ceilings and drawing rooms with cases for fifty pairs of shoes plus candelabras. I comforted myself with the thought that they were the descendants of F. Scott Fitzgerald's candelabras.

Berry Doss is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

Published by Springer-Verlag

## Interview by Harry Stein

| sample was supposed to be there

I work in the KTLA building, which leaves out space to people creating interesting views. There come and go with dizzying rapidity. You are reminded often in L.A. of the transience of glory. I got into Namath's parking space. One day they just painted out Joe and painted in Cyre. I took that warning from the gods for what it was, worth.

I am so onboard calling it creative constraint for a proposed TV series called *Five Women*, which is about five women of various ages who are neighbors in a housing complex in Queens. I personally enjoy it. What if steadily die is read scripts and some "Yah!" at the margins. I basically wrote in a script editor. I read those things looking for the gratuitous sexual offense, the badly drawn joke, the bit of dialogue that induces the character to a mercy.

There's a long tradition in TV of writing around a subject, so you can't have too many characters that share the same trait. We've been avoiding such the detection the show will take—which will hopefully not be lost.

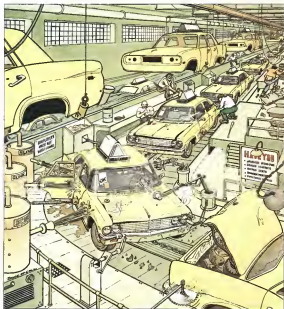
I usually spend the morning either developing story ideas or editing other people's scripts. This can be gratifying, but it can also be frustrating because, for the first time in my life, I don't have final say. My producers are very pleasant and warm and responsive, but they are also my producers and can ultimately do whatever they please. So it is constantly having to decide what is worth doing battle over, what isn't, and a trip to the trenches.

Around luncheon, the other women congregate in my office, which is big and comfortable in contrast to their small, or less, cockroach-filled ones and they eat their set meals on each other or threaten suicide. Then someone called "Mayröbä Peeli" comes along with a sandwich wagon and everybody buys healthy things—bananas, alfalfa, oranges or hot beefy stuff.

I occasionally get out and go to a place called Hampden's Kitchin, which I'm told is a product of Paul Newman's company that you can get a good hamburger and a bottle of French wine anywhere in L.A. I thought that was a terrible larkish place. Hampden's is the only burger place I've ever been to where if you eat what you order,

REPLYING TO WITHDRAWAL 41





*Ideas whose time has just about, but not quite, come:*  
TAXI INDUSTRY DECIDES TO BUILD ITS OWN CABS

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2. This VIF signal is the broadcast monitor and receiver. It is the color picture which is transmitted to the picture.



3. GE VIF adjusts the signal to automatically adjust the color picture in your home.



In 1977 General Electric won an Emmy for being the first to use the broadcast's VIF color signal in home television. The GE VIF set uses the signal broadcast with many programs, to adjust color distortions which may occur as the color signal passes from the broadcast through TV communication systems, to your home. Fresh tones, backgrounds, blue skies and green grass are automatically adjusted for you by the computer-like circuitry in your GE VIF set.

An incredible sixty times a second, giving you vivid satellite colors. And all GE VIF sets have a 100% solid-state modular chassis and the in-line picture tube system pioneered by GE. See a demonstration of GE VIF television technology today. We're changing the way America adjusts color.



**VIF**  
BROADCAST  
CONTROLLED  
COLOR

This is GE Performance Television.

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Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
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Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—  
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.